TV ACTION

annual

A POLYSTYLE PUBLICATION

CANNON · UFO · DR. WHO
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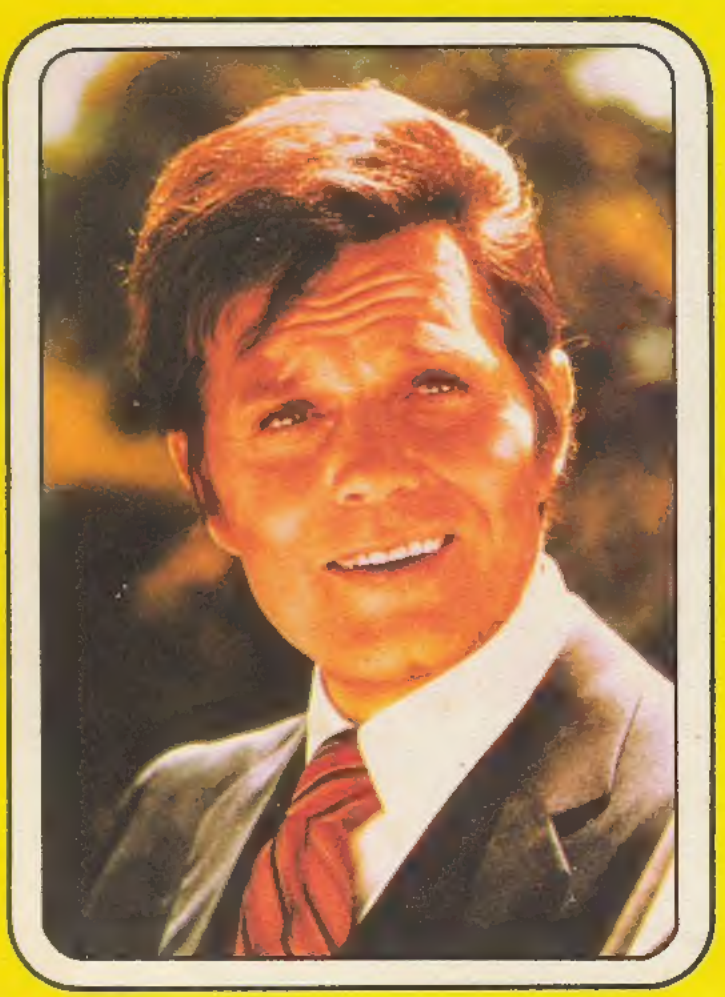

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*A PERSUADERS STORY

THE BIG SHOT

FIRST POST FOR DANNY WILDE...

HUH! BILLS! HELLO, WHAT'S THIS?

THE PARKINSON INTERNATIONAL MARKSMAN COMPETITION? I NEVER ENTERED FOR THIS!

A QUICK PHONE CALL TO BRETT SINCLAIR...

IS THIS SOME KINDA JOKE, BRETT?

NOT FROM ME, DANIEL— BUT EVIDENTLY SOME PERSON IS CONVINCED THAT YOU SHOULD TAKE PART. FUNNILY ENOUGH, I'VE A TICKET FOR THE 'GUEST ENCLOSURE'...

YOU KNOW, IT SMELLS DISTINCTLY LIKE THE JUDGE'S HANDIWORK.

I HAD THE SAME FEELING, STRAP ON YOUR SHOOTING IRONS, DANIEL... YOU'VE GOT TWO DAYS TO PRACTISE.

TWO DAYS LATER...

...AND ON THE FAR LEFT IS DANIEL WILDE OF THE USA, SUBSTITUTING FOR ARNOLD FISHER...

IF THE JUDGE IS UP TO SOMETHING, I WISH HE'D SHOW HIS HAND.

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AND IN THE GUEST ENCLOSURE...
THESE TWO LOOK VERY INTERESTED IN DANNY...
WILDE. THAT'S THE ONE TO WATCH!
HE LOOKS PRETTY GOOD.
AND ON THE MOVING TARGET...
NOT BAD, EH, HORST?
VERY GOOD— WITH A PISTOL. BUT IT'S THE RIFLE-SHOOTING THAT INTERESTS US, ALEXEI...
HALF AN HOUR LATER...
THIS IS IT, ALEXEI... THE ACID TEST.
YET DANNY ISN'T 'MARKSMAN OF THE YEAR'...
... AND IN THIRD PLACE, DANNY WILDE OF THE USA...
THAT WORRIES ME, HORST... HE'S NOT THE BEST MARKSMAN HERE...
BUT HE IS AN AMERICAN... THERE'S NO CHOICE, ALEXEI!
HE'S OUR MAN, ALL RIGHT...
FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR SO MUCH SHOOTING IS HARDLY PROFIT, MR. WILDE. HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO EARN A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS— FOR FIRING JUST ONE SHOT?
SO THIS IS WHY THE JUDGE WANTED ME HERE...
ARE YOU KIDDING? IS THIS SOME NEW FANCY CONTEST I DON'T KNOW ABOUT? SOUNDS PRETTY GOOD.
BRETT HURRIES TO CONGRATULATE DANNY— BUT IS BEATEN TO IT...
HELLO, IT'S MY TWO FOREIGN FRIENDS. THEY SEEM TO HAVE TAKEN AN INTEREST IN DANIEL... BETTER STEER CLEAR...

YOU BET I'M INTERESTED.
THEN FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS IN THIS ENVELOPE.
LATER AT BRETT'S APARTMENT...
A PLANE TICKET TO FINLAND, EH? YOU'LL HAVE TO GO, DANNY. THE JUDGE SET THIS UP... IT'S SOMETHING BIG!
SURE—BUT WHAT IF IT'S SOME PLOT TO KNOCK OFF THE PRESIDENT? I COULD GET PLUGGED FOR THAT!
A MINOR RISK, DANIEL. WHERE'S YOUR SENSE OF ADVENTURE? NOW HURRY OR YOU'LL BE LATE FOR YOUR FLIGHT.
AND SO...
FINLAND, HERE I COME! I GET A NASTY FEELING I'M BEING USED AS BAIT!
BUT DANNY ISN'T MAKING THE TRIP ALONE...
AT LEAST BRETT'S STRINGING ALONG.
LATER AT THE CROWN PRINCE HOTEL, HELSINKI...
MR. WILDE? COME TO THE ALBANY SUITE AT EIGHT TONIGHT. WE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT THE SHOOTING COMPETITION...
HANG ON... LOOK— HELLO?
BRETT IS STAYING IN THE HOTEL ACROSS THE STREET...
I'VE GOT TO MEET THEM AT THE ALBANY— ABOUT TWO MILES ACROSS TOWN...
I KNOW THE PLACE, DANIEL... YOUR CONTACTS HAVE GOOD TASTE. TAKE A CAB. I'LL FOLLOW YOU...

EIGHT O'CLOCK...
ONCE I HAVE EXPLAINED TO YOU EXACTLY WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO TO EARN THE HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS; THERE WILL BE NO GOING BACK. ALL RIGHT?
SUITS ME, MR—ER? WHAT WAS THE NAME?
HORST... JUST HORST.
DANNY IS HANDED A PHOTOGRAPH...
THIS IS THE VERY LATEST RUSSIAN FIGHTER PROTOTYPE. WE KNOW IT IS MORE POWERFUL, CAN STAY AIRBORNE LONGER, AND CARRY MORE MISSILES THAN ANYTHING YET.
WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO TELL ME?
SIMPLY THIS— THIS AIRCRAFT IS A THREAT TO THE BALANCE OF POWER. IF IT GOES INTO PRODUCTION, RUSSIA WILL HAVE A DECISIVE MILITARY LEAD OVER THE WORLD.
ARE YOU ASKING ME TO SHOOT IT DOWN? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!
NOT WITH THIS... A SPECIALLY BUILT WEAPON THAT FIRES A VERY UNUSUAL TYPE OF SHELL...
IT'LL HAVE TO BE VERY SPECIAL TO STOP A SUPER-SONIC FIGHTER. ONE MORE QUESTION... WHAT D'YOU GET OUT OF IT?
LATER, ANOTHER CALL TO BRETT...
THE ACTION'S ON THURSDAY, BRETT. HE FLIES ME TO THE BORDER BY HELICOPTER, I SHOOT DOWN THE PLANE, SAVE THE WORLD FROM RUSSIAN DOMINATION, AND COLLECT A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLARS. SIMPLE.
IT'S A REGULAR TEST-FLIGHT ROUTE... BEEN DOING IT FOR THE LAST SIX WEEKS.
THAT'S TOO EASY. THERE'S MORE TO IT THAN THAT!
TOO SIMPLE. HOW DO THEY KNOW THE PROTOTYPE'S FLIGHT PLAN?
COME, COME, MR. WILDE— ALLOW US TO HAVE *SOME* SECRETS! THINK OF US AS WAR-WATCHDOGS... A NEUTRAL BODY, DETERMINED TO SEE THAT THE WORLD IS NOT BLOWN APART BY THE MADNESS OF A SUPER-POWER WAR.

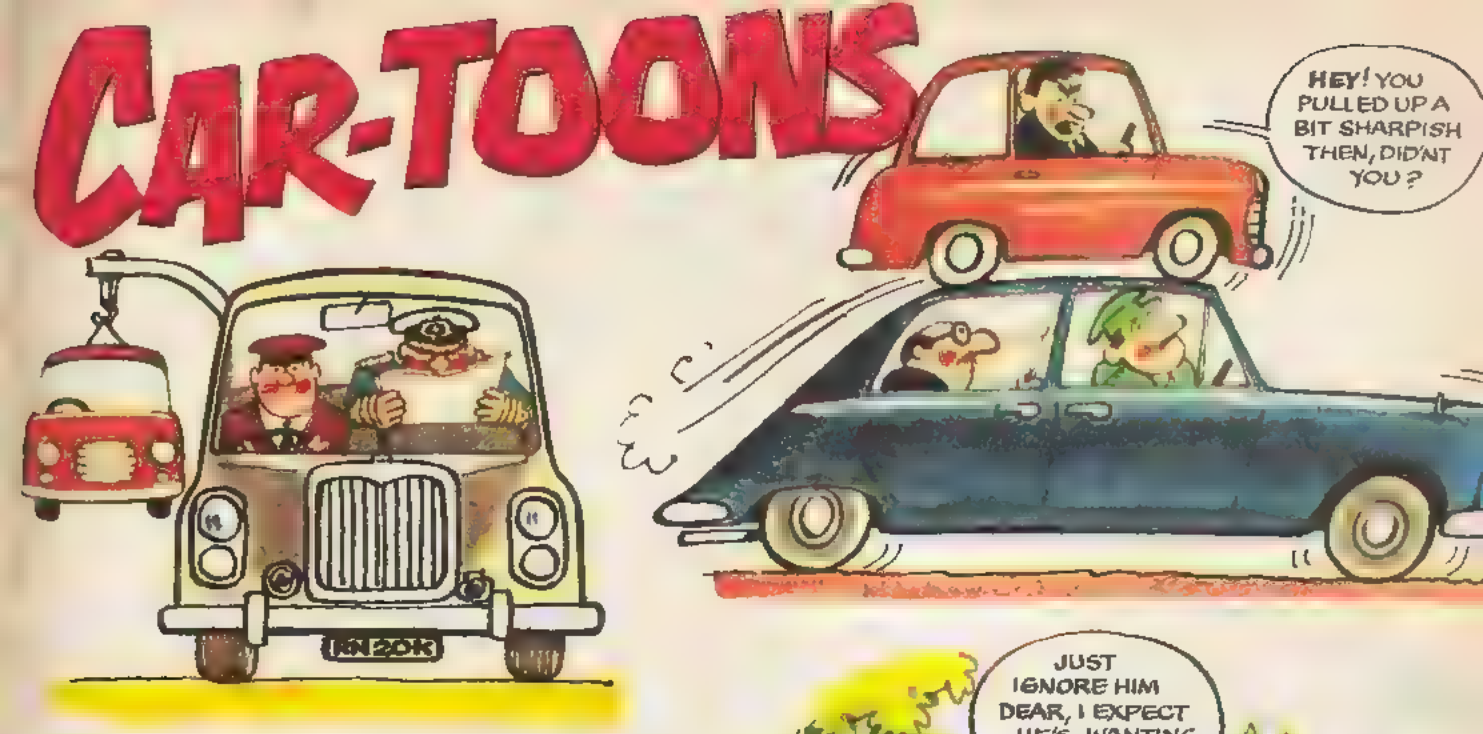
BUT THURSDAY MORNING— A PRIVATE AIRFIELD TEN MILES FROM THE RUSSIAN BORDER...
REMEMBER, MR. WILDE, YOU MUST HIT THE PLANE HERE, IN ITS COMPUTERISED FLIGHT BOX. THAT'S THE ONLY WAY OF BRINGING IT DOWN.
OKAY, HORST! DON'T WORRY, I'VE GOT IT. LET'S GET GOING!
THE HELICOPTER TAKES OFF, AND ON THE GROUND...
THERE THEY GO. I'M GOING TO NEED A LOT OF LUCK TO KEEP IN TOUCH.
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER — BRETT SINCLAIR GETS THE LUCK HE'S PRAYED FOR...
THEY CAN'T BE FAR AWAY...
THERE THEY ARE; DANNY'S ALREADY IN POSITION. I'D BETTER GET CLOSER.
A MINUTE LATER, A SOUNDLESS STREAK COMES HURTLING TOWARDS THE STRANGE AMBUSH...
HERE SHE COMES...
WAIT UNTIL IT BANKS AND IT'S SQUARE IN THE SIGHTS...
AT THE EXACT MOMENT, DANNY FIRES...
IMMEDIATELY, THE PLANE PLUNGES OUT OF CONTROL...
THE COMPUTER-PILOT IS FAILING... I'M LOSING CONTROL...
TAKE UP EMERGENCY CRASH PROCEDURE. SET MANUAL PILOT AND EJECT...

THE PLANE COMES DOWN JUST OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN BORDER...THE AMBUSHERS ARE READY FOR THE LANDING.
IT SHOULD HAVE EXPLODED, MR. WILDE! YOUR AIM MUST HAVE BEEN OUT. IT MUST BE DESTROYED!
I HIT IT WHERE YOU TOLD ME TO HIT IT, MAC... SO OBVIOUSLY YOU DIDN'T WANT IT DESTROYED! I WONDER WHAT HE'S AFTER?
BRETT IS ALSO ON HIS WAY...
WHY'VE THEY TAKEN OFF AGAIN? I DON'T LIKE IT!
AND AT THE SAME MOMENT...
IT CRASHED IN SECTOR SEVENTEEN, JUST ACROSS THE BORDER ON THE WESTERN ROAD. HURRY, BEFORE IT IS DISCOVERED BY THE FINNISH PATROL.
MEANWHILE DANNY HAS BEEN INSTRUCTED TO TAKE A SECOND SHOT AT MUCH CLOSER QUARTERS... BUT BEFORE HE SQUEEZES THE TRIGGER...
I THINK YOUR SERVICES ARE NO LONGER REQUIRED, MR. WILDE!
HUH! OOF!
WITH DANNY UNCONSCIOUS, HORST COOLLY SETS TO WORK ON THE FUEL TANKS...
MUST WORK QUICKLY... THAT SHOULD BE ENOUGH!
AND A SAMPLE FOR MR. WILDE — AN AMERICAN AGENT— TO BE CAUGHT RED-HANDED!
AIRBORNE AGAIN, DANNY'S ABSENCE IS NOTED ON THE GROUND...
HE MUST HAVE LEFT DANNY FOR THE RUSSIANS!
OH NO! TOO LATE!

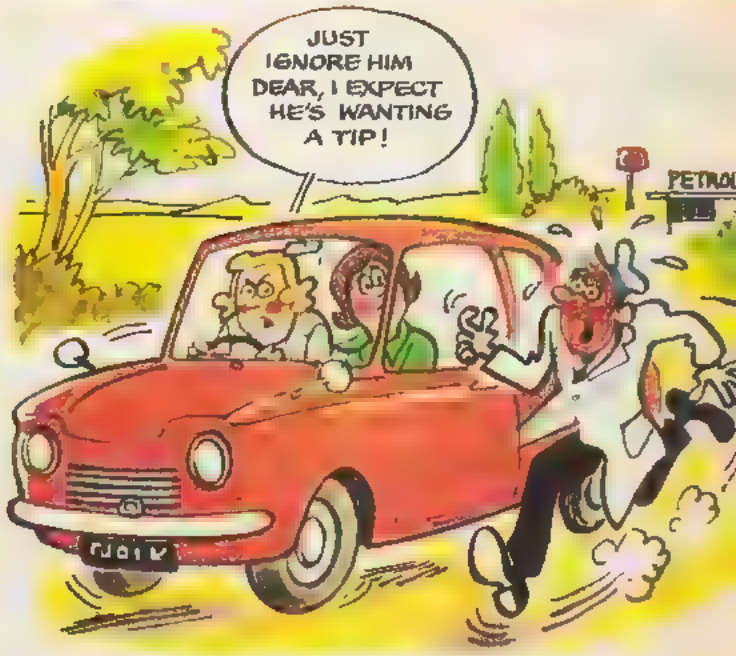
AND SOON...
HE'S JUST KNOCKED OUT, CAPTAIN.
HE'LL WISH HE WASN'T BY THE TIME THE SECRET POLICE HAVE FINISHED WITH HIM!
MINUTES LATER...
SLOW DOWN, DRIVER — IT MAY BE A TRICK!
SORRY ABOUT THIS, BUT I WANT THE AMERICAN. NOW MOVE, CAPTAIN — PLEASE!
THE RUSSIAN ISN'T PREPARED TO ARGUE WITH A MACHINE-GUN...
RIGHT; PUT HIM IN THE CAR...
TAKE YOUR HANDS OFF ME!
AS THEY DRIVE OFF, DANNY, FULLY RECOVERED, MAKES SURE THEY CAN'T BE FOLLOWED...
I ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU REMINDED ME OF MY FAIRY-GODMOTHER...THANKS!
DON'T MENTION IT, DANIEL — THAT'S WHAT FAIRY-GODMOTHERS ARE FOR! WHAT WENT ON BACK THERE, WITH THE PLANE?
AS I HAD A PHIAL OF AVIATION FUEL IN MY HAND, I'D SAY I WAS JUST A FALL-GUY FOR HORST WHO TOOK SOME MORE.
A NEAT LITTLE FRAME, EH?
VERY NEAT, BRETT. NOW I KNOW WHY HE CHOSE ME... WHICH COUNTRY WOULD BE MORE INTERESTED IN A RUSSIAN SUPER-FUEL THAN AMERICA?
BUT THE QUESTION REMAINS; WHY DO THEY WANT THE FUEL? I THINK WE'D BETTER PAY YOUR FRIENDS A FAST VISIT, DANIEL.

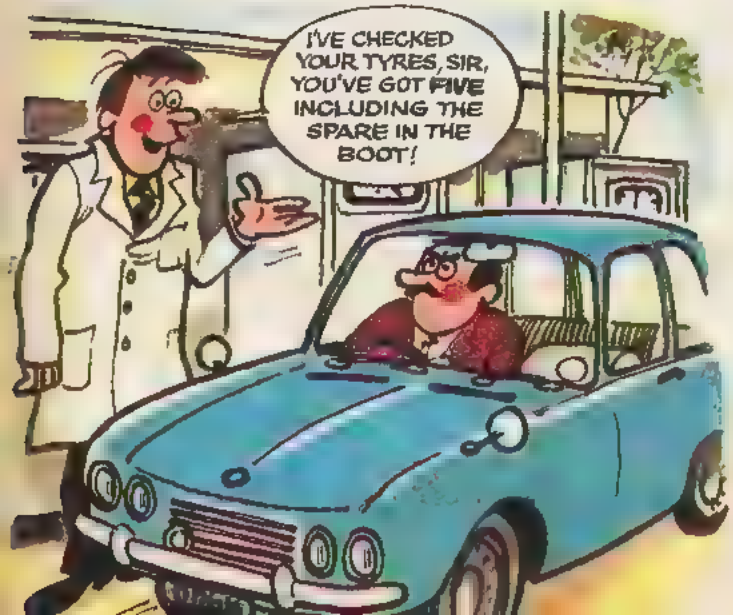
THAT NIGHT BACK AT THE HOTEL...
WELL, THAT'S THE LAST OF THE LETTERS. NOW WE JUST SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR OFFERS...
EXCELLENT. THIS LITTLE JOB SHOULD BRING IN A COUPLE OF MILLION, AT LEAST.
SUDDENLY...
WILDE?
THE SAME— NOW SUPPOSE YOU START TALKING
NAUGHTY! THAT'S NOT IN THE GAME!
AGH!
A FEW MINUTES LATER...
NOW PERHAPS YOU GENTLEMEN WOULD LIKE TO EXPLAIN EXACTLY WHAT YOUR LITTLE GAME IS.
GO JUMP IN THE LAKE! WE'RE SAYING NOTHING!
WELL, IT DOESN'T MATTER WHETHER YOU CARE TO TELL US... THIS LOT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF, LETTERS TO A DOZEN GOVERNMENTS OFFERING TO SELL THEM THE FORMULA OF RUSSIA'S LATEST JET-FUEL...
SELL OUT TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER, EH? TUT-TUT... MAKING MONEY OUT OF SOMEBODY ELSE'S HARD WORK! THAT REALLY IS TOO BAD!
BRETT REACHES FOR THE PHONE...
RUSSIAN EMBASSY? ONE OF YOUR EXPERIMENTAL PLANES WAS SHOT DOWN THIS AFTERNOON... YOU'LL FIND THE OFFENDERS AT SUITE SEVENTEEN OF THE ALBANY HOTEL...
FIFTEEN MINUTES LATER...
WELL, THERE YOU ARE, DANIEL—YET ANOTHER CONFIRMATION THAT CRIME DOESN'T PAY!
TOO RIGHT—THIS PARTICULAR CRIME DIDN'T PAY ME! I THINK I'LL INVOICE THE JUDGE... JUST TO SCARE THE PANTS OFF HIM!

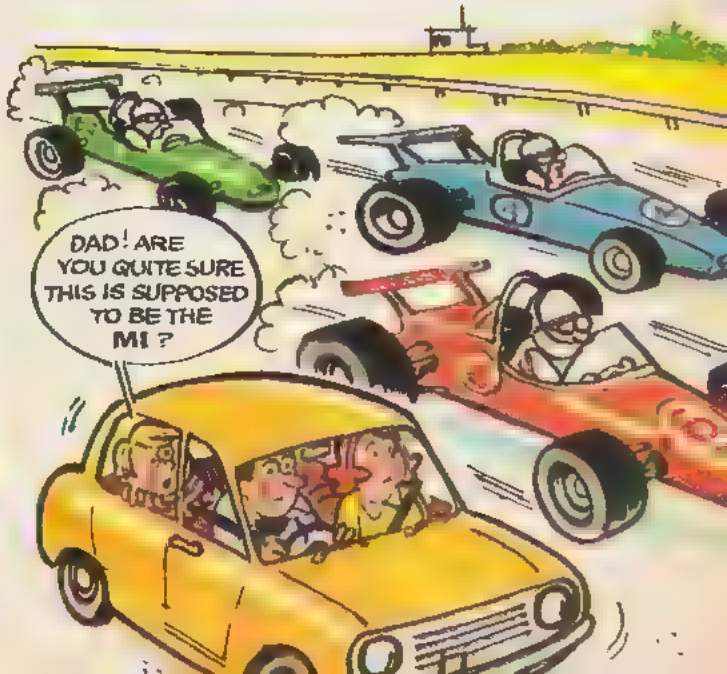
CAR-TOONS


HEY! YOU PULLED UP A BIT SHARPISH THEN, DIDN'T YOU?
MN 20K

THE LAST OWNER WAS A VERY PARTICULAR LADY DRIVER....


JUST IGNORE HIM DEAR, I EXPECT HE'S WANTING A TIP!
PETROL


I'VE CHECKED YOUR TYRES, SIR, YOU'VE GOT FIVE INCLUDING THE SPARE IN THE BOOT!


DAD! ARE YOU QUITE SURE THIS IS SUPPOSED TO BE THE MI?

After being kitted out with a wet suit Roger was shown the intricacies of a limpet mine.

OPERATION SABOTAGE

Roger and Frank carried their canoe down to the water's edge where the explosives and breathing gear were then loaded.

An SBS officer saw the two saboteurs strike out across the estuary.

Mike and Jock joined us after an exchange of prearranged recognition signals. Jock's report was favourable and we decided to go ahead with the mission.

After putting on the breathing apparatus came the tricky part of entering the water without capsizing the craft.

"Not many civilians have taken part in our operations, most of what you see is secret and must be kept to yourself," I was warned by the Royal Marines Officer.

I had been invited down to a naval base somewhere on the south coast of England to take part in a raid with members of the Special Boat Sections of the Royal Marines. These men are selected commandos who undergo special training of underwater swimming and amphibious warfare.

Because of the secrecy of the type of work carried out by the SBS, I am only allowed to use nicknames, and we must block out faces so that they cannot be recognised.

After a briefing on the raid, I helped Frank to pack our canoe with stores. These consisted of: sleeping bags, torches, a medical bag, special dehydrated food packs which compress to the size of a cigarette packet, a survival pack, with a mirror for signalling, a cheese wire for hunting, magnifying glass for lighting fires and many other supplies – a total of 100 lbs. If anything went wrong, it could be days before reinforcements arrived.

"Put the mines and explosives under your seat, and I'll keep the detonators," Frank said. I was then kitted out with a wet suit, flippers, knife, smoke flare and compass. We then loaded our canoe on to a truck and set off. Frank and I sat on the back of the open-topped vehicle. Going through the plan, our voices were unable to be heard above the din of the engine.

"Jock and Mike have been watching a large steel railway bridge for the last few days. Our job is to rendezvous with them. Then you, as Number Two, and Jock will go in, plant the explosive and get out – without being seen."

The truck stopped in the cover of some woods two hundred yards from the water's edge. After checking to make sure the coast was clear, we carried our gear down on to the sand. Frank gave me a nod and we slipped silently away across the estuary. Eventually we reached our rendezvous. Jock was watching us arrive. After an exchange of recognition signals, the other canoe slid out from the cover of the bank and came alongside us.

I had been shown how to enter the water without capsizing the delicate craft – an upturned canoe at this point could ruin the whole operation. I took the mines and Jock brought the detonators, in a small waterproof pack round his waist, and slid carefully in the icy water.

Setting compass and depth gauge on my float board, I followed Jock under the water towards our destination.

Jock led us into some thick bushes, we removed our breathing apparatus, and dumped it, covering it with grass and leaves.

We checked the map, then set our watches and compass bearing. The bridge was about half a mile away with some pretty rough ground to go over. The going was slow but we had to be careful. When we got within a hundred and fifty yards of the

Roger set his depth gauge and compass; to get lost now would ruin days of preparation.

bridge we stumbled on to a thick wire entanglement.

I heard Jock curse. Quickly he reached into his pack, grabbed wire cutters and cut a hole big enough for us to clamber through.

The next problem was a large stagnant pond: we skirted the edge using the shallows, our feet sinking into the oozing mud. The long bulrushes gave us plenty of cover, and eventually we were within twenty yards of the bridge. Jock signalled and we both dropped into the cover of some rocks. Here I watched as Jock fitted the mines with detonators and set the timers. We heard them tick into life.

"O.K., let's go. They're set for thirty minutes," he whispered. "Place yours on the iron crossbeams under the railway tracks and I'll put mine against the concrete supports." I left Jock and crept up

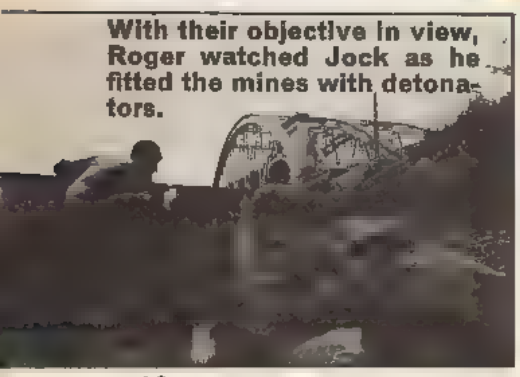
Unwanted equipment was hidden before they set out on the last leg of the mission.

beneath the huge iron beam, placed the explosive and then hid the mine from view with some grass.

The charges in place, we set off to retrace our steps, picking up our equipment on the way.

"Well done," said our leader. "Now you know what it's like to operate as a member of the Royal Marines Special Boat Section. Our normal procedure is to paddle out to sea and get picked up by a submarine, but I'm afraid that since it's only an exercise, this just isn't possible. So start paddling the long way!"

With their objective in view, Roger watched Jock as he fitted the mines with detonators.



A HAWAII FIVE-O STORY

TAKE-OVER BID

FIVE-O H.Q. ON A TYPICAL DAY, UNTIL...

THERE'S A HELICOPTER BREAKING AIR REGULAT...

STEVE! THEY'RE GOING TO SHOOT US UP!

WHAT IN CREATION IS THAT CHOPPER PLAYING AT?

AND NEXT SECOND...

COULD BE A MISSILE WITH A DELAYED ACTION FUSE.

WELL, THEY'RE NOT HANGING ABOUT TO SEE IT WORK!

AFTER A LAB TEST: THE CANISTER IS RETURNED TO STEVE'S OFFICE...

A TAPE — AND A PHOTOGRAPH. MUST BE IMPORTANT IF THE SENDER CAN'T TRUST THE MAIL.

STEVE CALLS IN CHIN AND KONO TO HEAR THE TAPE. THEN...

YOU THINK THIS GUY'S FOR REAL, STEVE?

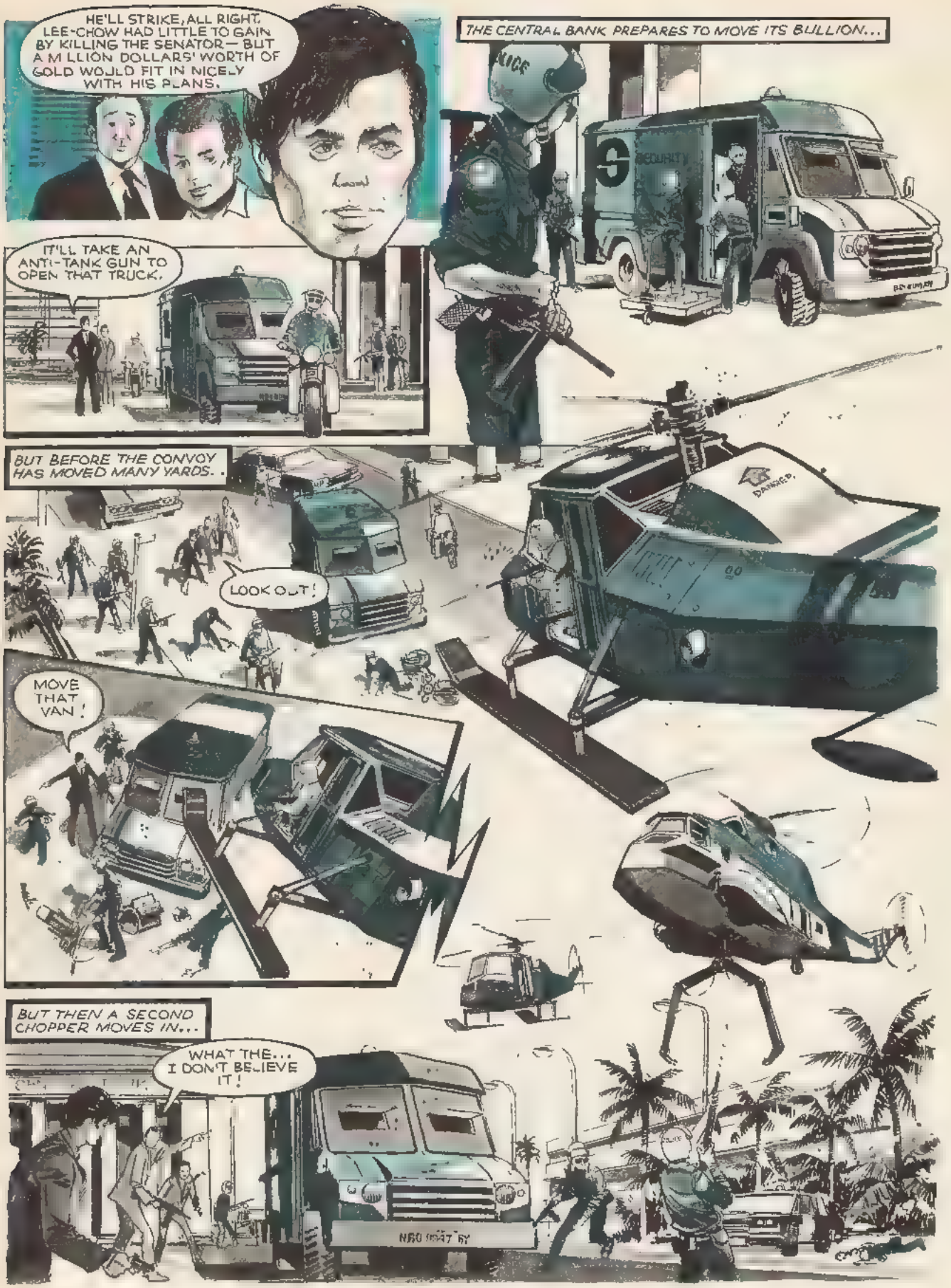
...TO PROVE MY POWER, IT IS MY INTENTION TO PROVE YOU ARE A FOOL. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS TO HELP YOU RECOGNISE ME IF WE SHOULD EVER MEET!

GOOD MORNING, MR. McGARRETT. YOU ARE LISTENING TO THE VOICE OF LEE-CHOW, NEW PRINCE OF THE UNDERWORLD - YOU ARE MY NUMBER ONE ENEMY...

NO REASON WHY NOT, KONO... THE UNDERWORLD IS DUE FOR A NEW MR. BIG!

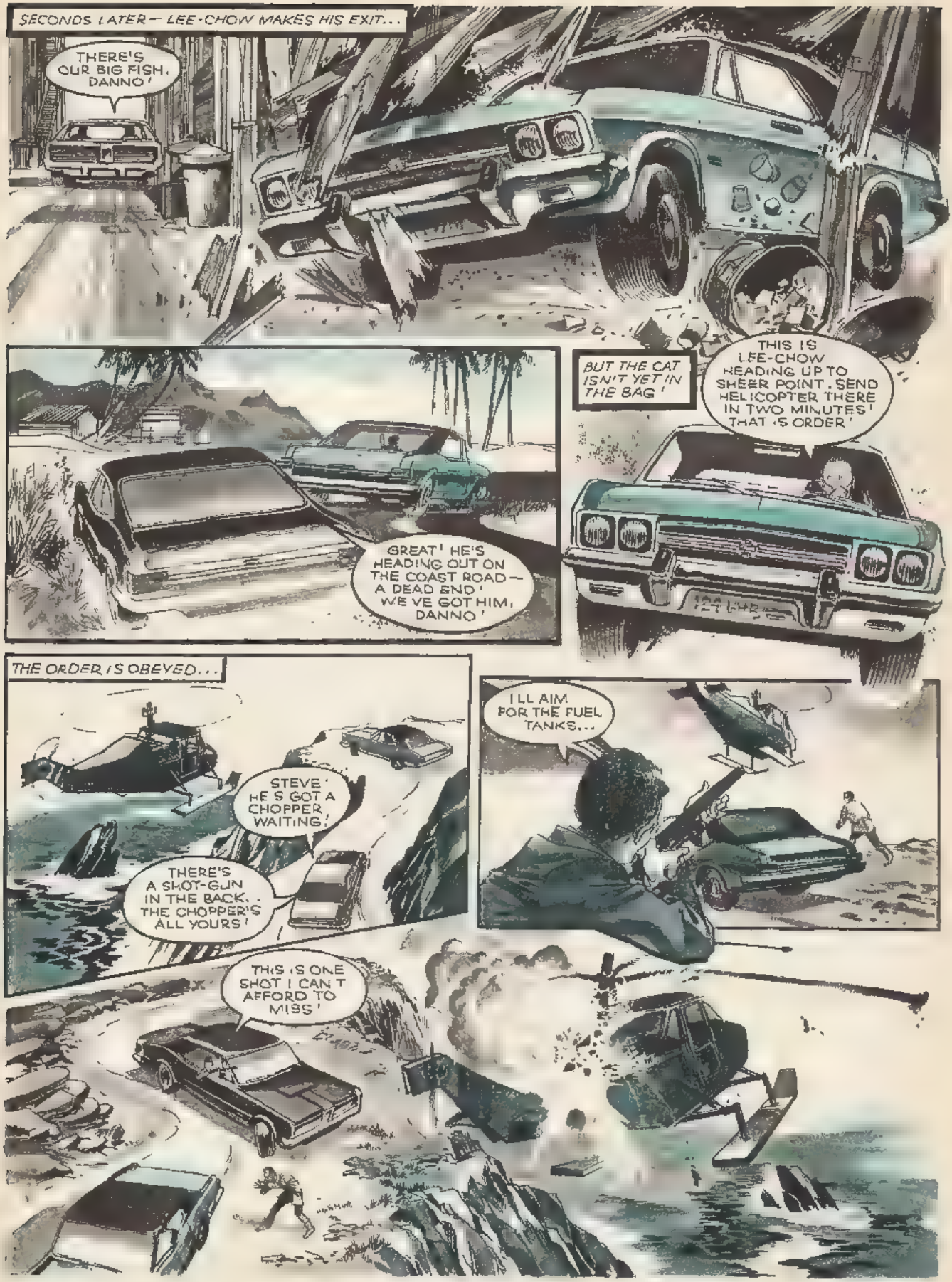
KEEP YOUR EARS TO THE GROUND, BOYS. THE SLIGHTEST H.NT THAT THIS GUY IS IN BUSINESS — I WANNA KNOW!
THE HINT COMES THREE DAYS LATER...
TELEPHONE
THE RUMOUR GOES THAT LEE-CHOW IS GONNA HIT SENATOR GRAIG AT THE RALLY ON SATURDAY, MR. WILLIAMS.
THANKS, SLIM. SEE IF YOU CAN FIND OUT ANY MORE.
THE FIVE-O CHIEF MAKES HIS REPORT TO THE GOVERNOR...
WE'VE HAD THE TIP THAT LEE-CHOW MEANS BUSINESS. IF HE PULLS IT OFF, EVERY HOOD ON THE ISLAND WILL GO OVER TO HIM.
USE THE WORKS TO PREVENT IT, STEVE. I WANT LEE-CHOW BEHIND BARS.
AND SO, THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY MORNING STEVE BRIEFS HIS SECURITY MEN...
HE COULD BE ANYWHERE AND ALL HE NEEDS IS ONE SHOT AT THE SENATOR — AND THAT'LL BE ONE SHOT TOO MANY!
TENSE MINUTES FOLLOW AS THE POPULAR POLITICIAN FOLLOWS THE PLANNED ROUTE...
STILL NO ASSASSIN, STEVE!
THERE'S TIME, DANNO. HE'LL BE ON THAT ROSTRUM FOR FIFTEEN MINUTES — A SITTING DUCK!
AND I WANT TO THANK YOU, FRIENDS, FOR YOUR SUPPORT. BLESS YOU ALL!
STEVE AND DANNY RETURN TO H.Q....
THERE'S GOT TO BE A MOTIVE!
SURE, DANNO, MAYBE LEE-CHOW'S MOTIVE WAS SIMPLY TO MAKE ME AND FIVE-O LOOK FOOLISH!
STEVE COLLIDES WITH A STRANGELY CLAD FIGURE...
OOPS! SORRY, SIR!
NO APOLOGY NECESSARY, MY FAULT ENTIRELY.
THE RALLY ENDS AND NO ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT IS MADE.
D'YOU THINK WE SCARED HIM OFF, STEVE?
EITHER THAT, OR IT WAS JUST A CRAZY HOAX...
POL

AND IN STEVE'S OFFICE...
GREAT! THIS MUST BE THE TAPES WE WANTED FROM MIAMI!
SUDDENLY...
AGH!
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT, MR. McGARRETT?
WHO LEFT THIS PACKAGE, MARY?
WHY...A MR. CHOW BROUGHT IT, YOU MUST HAVE PASSED HIM ON YOUR WAY IN...
YOU GOT TO HAND IT TO HIM, DANNO —THIS GUY'S A COOL CUCUMBER.
THEN THE PHONE RINGS...
O.K., LEE-CHOW, SO YOU'RE A GREAT PRACTICAL JOKER.
THAT SOOT-BOMB WAS JUST A WARNING— TO ASSURE YOU THAT I COULD TAKE YOUR LIFE AT ANY TIME.
YOU'RE JUST A COMEDIAN TO US AT FIVE-O, LEE-CHOW!
YOU LAUGH ON OTHER SIDE OF FACE, McGARRETT, WHEN I TAKE GOLD BULLION FROM CENTRAL BANK NEXT WEEK.
ONCE AGAIN STEVE REPORTS TO THE GOVERNOR...
HE MUST MEAN BUSINESS THIS TIME, GOVERNOR.
I CAN'T AGREE WITH YOU, STEVE, THIS GUY'S A HOAXER. IF WE REACT AS WE DID BEFORE WE'LL BE THE BIGGEST JOKE THIS DECADE.
EVEN SO, STEVE MAKES SOME SECURITY PLANS...
JUST REMEMBER THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH AN UNKNOWN QUANTITY. WE DON'T KNOW HOW OR WHERE HE'LL STRIKE...
IF HE DOES STRIKE?


HE'LL STRIKE, ALL RIGHT. LEE-CHOW HAD LITTLE TO GAIN BY KILLING THE SENATOR— BUT A MILLION DOLLARS' WORTH OF GOLD WOULD FIT IN NICELY WITH HIS PLANS.
THE CENTRAL BANK PREPARES TO MOVE ITS BULLION...
POLICE
SECURITY
IT'LL TAKE AN ANTI-TANK GUN TO OPEN THAT TRUCK.
BUT BEFORE THE CONVOY HAS MOVED MANY YARDS..
LOOK OUT!
DARING
MOVE THAT VAN!
BUT THEN A SECOND CHOPPER MOVES IN...
WHAT THE... I DON'T BELIEVE IT!

BUT...
IT'S HOPELESS, STEVE! WE CAN'T STOP THAT THING!
COME ON, TO THE CAR— WE NEED TO FIND A HELICOPTER!
IT'S NO GOOD! THESE BULLETS ARE JUST BOUNCING OFF THAT ARMOUR PLATE!
AIM FOR THE CABLE! IF WE CAN SPLIT THAT, WE CAN STILL BEAT THEM!
THEN STEVE SEES A NEW DANGER...
EVERYBODY DOWN!
THE CHOPPER'S AIM IS GOOD...
NEXT MORNING...
BULLION TRUCK SNATCHED FROM 5-0 ESCORT!
NEWS WEEK
FIVE-O FOOLED IN BULLION SNATCH
BULLION GANG BEAT FIVE-O
HELICOPTER GANG GRAB MILLION DOLLAR GOLD
WELL — LEE-CHOW KEPT HIS PROMISE... HE'S MAKING A LAUGHING STOCK OF FIVE-O!
WE CAN'T JUST SIT AND WAIT FOR HIM TO HIT US AGA N!
YOU'RE RIGHT, DANNO — WE'RE GOING TO HIT HIM! AND WE'RE GOING TO HIT HIM HARD!
THREE DAYS LATER: IN A DINGY BASEMENT WAREHOUSE, FIVE-O MEET WITH THEIR UNDERWORLD INFORMERS...
YOU KNOW WHY WE'VE ASKED YOU HERE... WE WANT LEE-CHOW —AND WE WANT HIM BAD! THERE'S FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR ANY MAN WHO COMES UP WITH THE GOODS
SUDDENLY...
VERY FOOLISH MOVE, McGARRETT. YOU NO LONGER HAVE INFORMERS! ALL MEN, ON MY PAYROLL!
LEE-CHOW!
LEE-CHOW'S CLAIM IS NOT IDLE...
OOF.
TAKE THAT, FUZZ!

FIVE-O PUT UP A GOOD FIGHT, BUT THE ODDS ARE TOO MUCH.
MINUTES LATER...
WELL, STEVE — HOPE IT WAS WORTH IT.
WE'LL SOON FIND OUT. LET'S GET BACK TO HEADQUARTERS!
THE COMMISSIONER IS NOT IMPRESSED!
ALL I'M INTERESTED IN IS RESULTS! I CAN'T SEE HOW A BEATING IMPROVES OUR STATUS OUTSIDE.
IT'S GOING TO HELP US TRACK LEE-CHOW'S HIDE-OUT. THAT'S ALL, COMMISSIONER!
DURING THE ROUGH-HOUSE EACH OF US PLACED A PIN-BUG ON ONE OF THE HOODS.
ACTIVATE THE BUGS WITH THIS CONTROL BOX — AND OUR MAP LIGHTS UP...
AND CATING EXACTLY WHERE THE FOUR SUBJECTS ARE! VERY NEAT, STEVE!
THE FOLLOWING MORNING, AT FIRST LIGHT...
McGARRETT TO ALL UNITS. READY TO MOVE IN. IN EXACTLY THREE SECONDS... TWO... ONE... GO!
THE POLICE MOVE IN TO SURROUND THE SUSPECT WAREHOUSE...
OKAY — NOBODY MOVE! HANDS ON YOUR HEADS!
THE POLICE! HOW COULD THEY HAVE TRACED ME?


SECONDS LATER— LEE-CHOW MAKES HIS EXIT...
THERE'S OUR BIG FISH, DANNO!
GREAT! HE'S HEADING OUT ON THE COAST ROAD— A DEAD END! WE'VE GOT HIM, DANNO!
BUT THE CAT ISN'T YET IN THE BAG!
THIS IS LEE-CHOW HEADING UP TO SHEER POINT. SEND HELICOPTER THERE IN TWO MINUTES! THAT'S ORDER!
THE ORDER IS OBEYED...
STEVE! HE'S GOT A CHOPPER WAITING!
THERE'S A SHOT-GUN IN THE BACK... THE CHOPPER'S ALL YOURS!
I'LL AIM FOR THE FUEL TANKS...
THIS IS ONE SHOT I CAN'T AFFORD TO MISS!

THE RAT IS CORNERED
FREEZE!
YOU HAVE NOT WON YET, McGARRETT!
AGH!
OKAY... MASTER-JOKER — LET'S SEE YOU LAUGH YOUR WAY OUT OF THIS ONE...
HOLD THAT, DANNO. I'M GOING TO SEE WHAT THIS GUY'S REALLY MADE OF...
TRY THAT, MASTERMIND!
THIS IS THE END, McGARRETT! YOU DIE!
BUT STEVE'S LIGHTNING REFLEXES SAVE HIM...
YAAAAAA!
THAT'S THE END OF LEE-CHOW.
SO MUCH FOR THE NEW PRINCE OF THE UNDERWORLD.
WHAT NOW, STEVE?
WHAT D'YOU THINK? SIT BACK AND WAIT FOR THE NEXT GUY WHO FANCIES HIS CHANCES AGAINST FIVE-O!

Smith toed the ashes of the dying fire thoughtfully.

"You know, Jones," he said contentedly, "when you're out here miles from anywhere, makes you wonder why people want to live in towns, and houses and such."

"Come winter, I ain't sure it's so good out here," disagreed Jones.

"People is trouble," went on Smith stubbornly, "specially to us."

"Can't argue on that point," sighed his partner. "Gotta feelin' the weather's 'bout to turn ornery too."

Smith followed the other man's gaze and saw the continuous mantle of dark cloud sweeping over the star-jewelled sky. The weeds trembled around them as the still air quivered expectantly. In only minutes, the previous peace was transformed into a violent prairie storm. Tongues of lightning lit up the treeless, shelterless landscape, then came the rain. A sheeting, drenching downpour, from which there was no escape.

"Sure could do with one of them there houses," said Jones pointedly "Reckon it wouldn't be a bad idea to go a lookin' for one." Smith grinned wryly and heaved his saddle on to the tethered horse that fidgeted nervously when a deafening clap of thunder engulfed all sound, making the muddy ground tremble under their feet.

The prairie soon became a quagmire as the relentless rain continued.

"Which way?" shouted Smith.

"There's somethin' over there," said Jones, squinting through the needles of the deluge.

"A fence."

"And that means a homestead," responded Jones. "Must be a way in if we follow it long enough."

It took another hour, before their patience was rewarded. The storm had still not let up, and Jones had to really hammer on the door before a voice on the other side responded.

"Who's there?"

"Two strangers requirin' a little shelter, friend," roared Jones.

"You cowmen, or farmers?" questioned the voice.

"Cain't rightly say we're either,"

yelled Jones. "But we got a little money to pay our way."

There was a long pause and Jones had almost given up when he heard a woman's voice say sharply.

"For mercy's sake let them in, Grant. Have we sunk so low that we refuse strangers shelter on such a night?"

There were several thumps and bumps behind the door before it opened.

"Put your horses in the barn around the back," said the small man with a red beard.

"Mighty nice of you to take us in, Ma'am," said Jones.

"Sure is," echoed his friend. Already both men were steaming in front of the stove.

"Mercy me. You'd better get out them clothes before you catch pneumonia. Go get me two blankets, Ginny," ordered the woman of one of the two wide-eyed girls.

The occupants of the cabin were as neat and as clean as its interior. The farmer and his wife were Grant and Amy Bradstock. Their family consisted of two teen-age boys – Marvin and Zeke – two girls slightly younger named Ginny and Kate.

"Jest a coupla drifters then," said Grant Bradstock as Smith and Jones tucked into bowls of his wife's excellent stew.

"Let's jest say we've got good reason to move around," replied Smith defensively.

"The law after you?" asked the farmer.

"Don't be so personal, Grant Bradstock," scolded his wife.

"Don't have to answer," said Grant. "Could use a coupla hired guns. Cain't see anyway else we got of stoppin' that herd wipin' us off the face of the earth." His wife didn't answer. But the two young Westerners could tell the tough little woman was close to tears.

"What's your problem?" asked Jones. Both he and Smith had noted the siege conditions of the cabin. Two large water barrels stood beside the heavily barred door. A rifle and two shot-guns gleamed dully on the far end of the solid wooden table at which they sat.

"Beef Baron is gonna drive his herd through here," said Bradstock simply.

"You squatters then?" asked Smith.

"No we ain't, Mister," said Amy Bradstock with indignant pride. "We bin workin' this land for twenty years, it's ours fair and legal."

"Then use the law," advised Jones.

"Beef is the law around here," sneered the farmer. "The sheriff is jest one of Spencer's herd. He'll drive those steers through my land in a day or two and all I stand for will be flattened. There ain't a blamed thing I can do."

Smith and Jones knew the situation well. The cowmen and the nester were at war all over the prairie — and in most cases the cowman won.

IT was still raining lightly when they left the Bradstock homestead the following morning and rode out to high ground, with the farmer and his eldest son

"Should've been here yesterday," said Bradstock, squinting into the misty horizon.

"Reckon the storm's held 'em back, Dad?" asked the boy.

Jones looked across the valley entrance to where the Bradstock fence stood as a fragile barrier to the impending invasion. The terrain on the opposite side was more rocky and higher. A gleam of silver showed itself between the craggy walls of the summit. And several waterfalls spilled into what was a narrow culvert trickling as a sluggish stream before the Bradstock fence, which was a result of the torrential rain and hadn't been there the night before.

"That's right, Mister. Ain't no lack of water around here. That's what makes it such good farmin' country. Feeds the Sonican river." He pointed out the snaking course of the river, further out on the open plain.

"You got any explosives, Mr Bradstock?"

"Got me some dynamite I had over from blasting the well," replied Bradstock. "What's that to you?"

But the farmer never got a reply. With a yell his son Marvin heralded the arrival of the herd. They were still many miles away, but the myriad black specks that edged the dividing line between sky and prairie left them all in silence.

"Let's get back to the family," said Bradstock blackly. "We're gonna be having visitors afore nightfall. They'll be sending out men to drag out the fence, that's when I gotta make my stand."

"'Bout that dynamite," began Jones. "How much have you got?"

"Twenty or more sticks. What's on your mind?"

"Mebbe I've jest got a slim idea that could solve your problem for good," Jones said thoughtfully.

Jones patted his buddy on the shoulder.

"This is a one man job, man. You stay and help keep those cowmen outside that fence."

"Good luck, friend," said Smith.

It was mid-afternoon and the complaining moans of the herd could be heard clearly. Spencer's foreman chose three of his toughest men to ride up to the Bradstock homestead He had a mean and greedy expression and his face bore testimony of his battles to

lead the Spencer herd.

"You got till sunrise to move out, nester," he drawled. "If yer family stands in the way that ain't no concern of mine."

"Get off my land!" shouted Bradstock. "I warn you, cowman, anything strays on my land I shoot, be it man or beast."

"Suit yourself. They say the farming's pretty good up there," said the foreman with a cruel smile raising his eyes to the sky. His men laughed loudly and followed his path back to the mighty herd.

TURNING POINT

BRADSTOCK had loaded the last of his possessions on to the buckboard, as the light of day glimmered in the eastern sky. His wife, two daughters and youngest son waited in heart-breaking silence, as the farmer tightened the last rope.

"Go to the parson. He'll give you shelter," said Bradstock briefly, kissing his wife's cheek. "I cain't run away." The laden cart creaked and moved away. He stood for a moment in the grey steel light and watched it recede down the valley.

"Come on," he muttered to the others. "We got work to do!"

Bradstock, his son and Smith rode out to where the fence lay ripped from the ground. In the distance two cowmen could be seen using their lariats on some of the remaining posts. Bradstock loosed off his rifle and the two men rode off.

Not long after there was a crackle of gunshots and the moaning herd was on the move. The distant drums of thundering hooves quickened in the still morning air.

"They've stampeded the herd," yelled Smith. "Move out to higher ground, there's nothing we can do to stop them.

Then another noise invaded the valley, a dull rumbling from the far side, which at first sounded like thunder.

"Look at the mountain," shouted the boy, first to see the torrent of water cascading from the open rift blown in the rocks by Jones. Mesmerised the two men and the boy could only watch in awe, as water fairly exploded from the rocky cliff.

"Golly Moses," said Bradstock limply as the wall of water filled the narrow canyon and spilled across the entrance of the valley straight into the path of the charging cows.

"They'll all be drowned!" shouted the boy as the two seemingly intractable forces converged on to what seemed ultimate disaster. But then the herd leaders panicked and wheeled arcing away from the new river which protected the Bradstock valley. Furious outriders could be seen whipping them in, but with the herd in full flight, it would be many hours before they slowed.

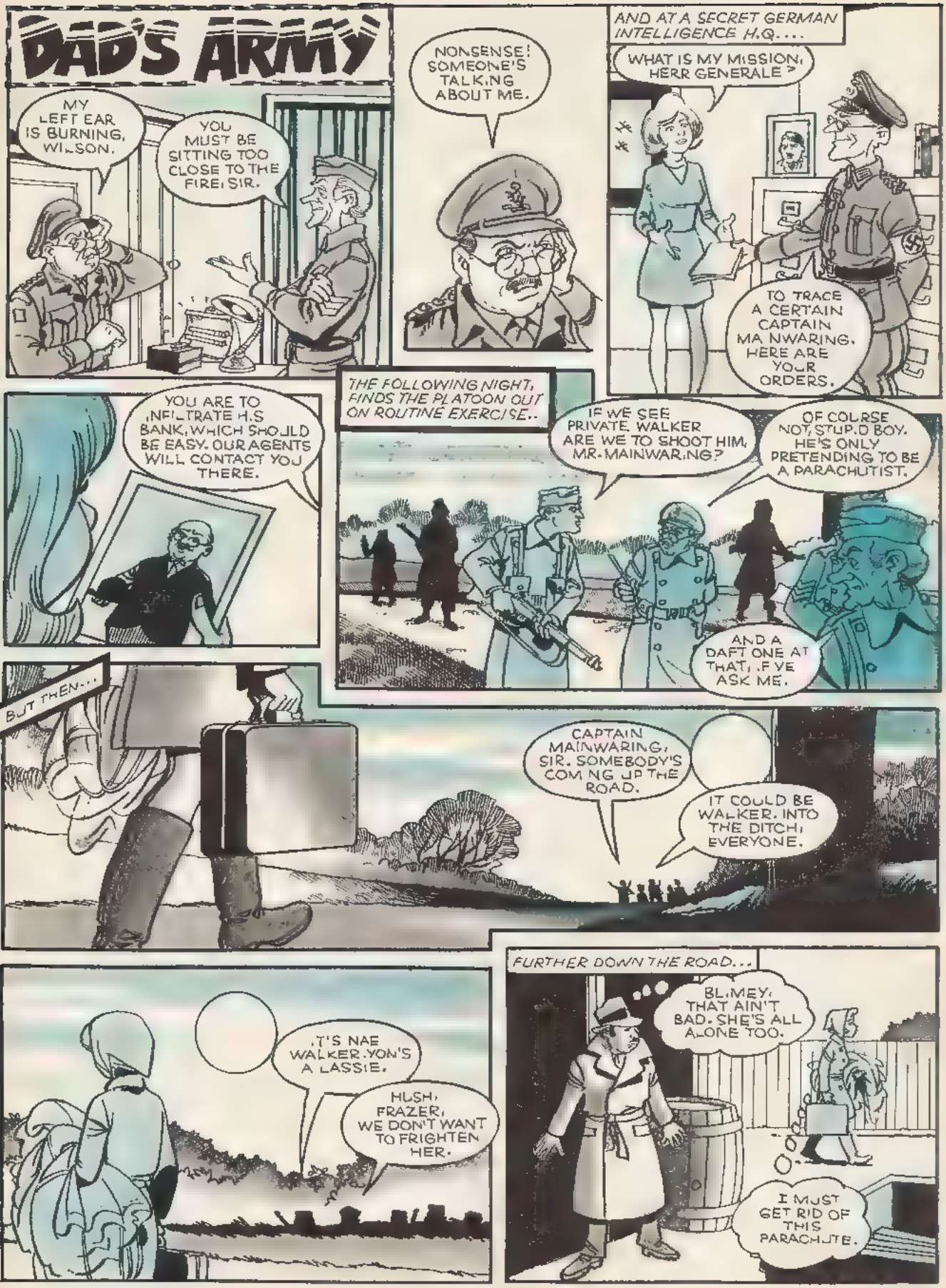
"Sure you won't stay longer?" asked Grant Bradstock when Smith and Jones mounted their horses next morning.

"Thanks, but we gotta be moving on," said Smith for both of them.

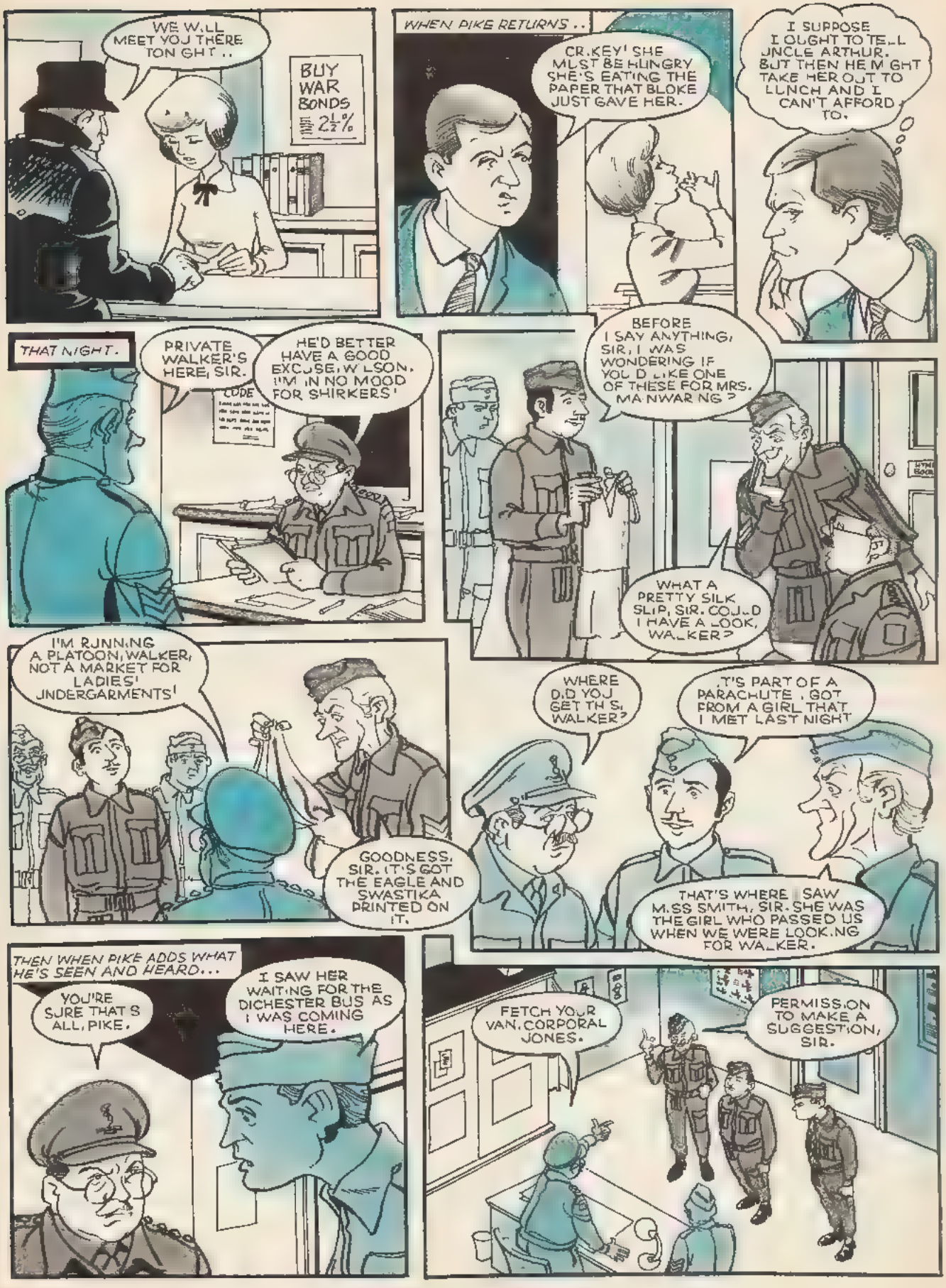
"Never be able to thank you enough," said Amy Bradstock, tears trickling down her cheeks.

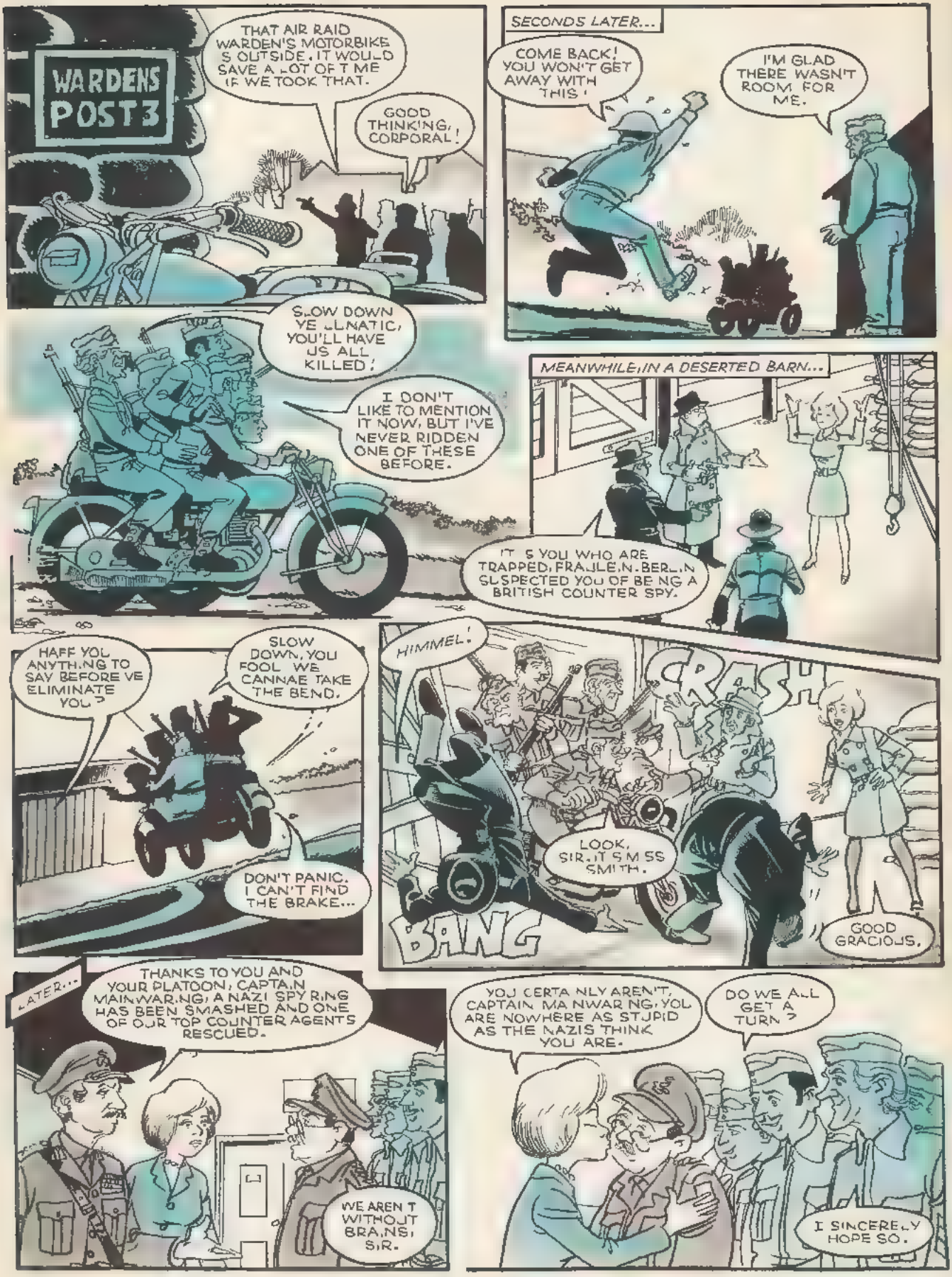
"Just you bring up that family real good," replied Jones, turning his horse and following his friend.

"You'll always be welcome," shouted Bradstock.

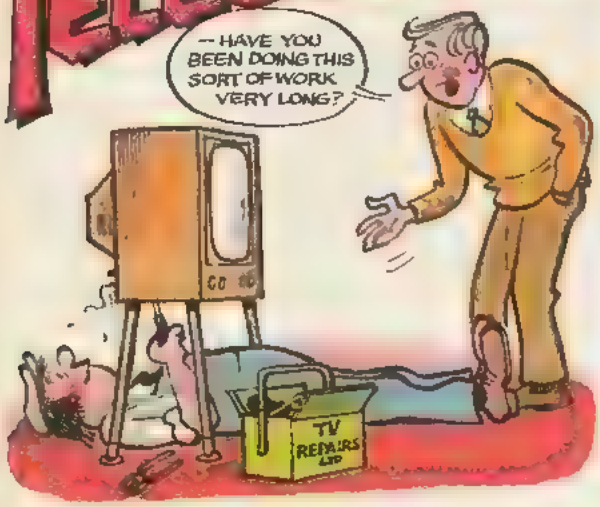

DAD'S ARMY
MY LEFT EAR IS BURNING, WILSON.
YOU MUST BE SITTING TOO CLOSE TO THE FIRE, SIR.
NONSENSE! SOMEONE'S TALKING ABOUT ME.
AND AT A SECRET GERMAN INTELLIGENCE H.Q....
WHAT IS MY MISSION, HERR GENERALE?
TO TRACE A CERTAIN CAPTAIN MAINWARING. HERE ARE YOUR ORDERS.
YOU ARE TO INFILTRATE HIS BANK, WHICH SHOULD BE EASY. OUR AGENTS WILL CONTACT YOU THERE.
THE FOLLOWING NIGHT, FINDS THE PLATOON OUT ON ROUTINE EXERCISE..
IF WE SEE PRIVATE WALKER ARE WE TO SHOOT HIM, MR. MAINWARING?
OF COURSE NOT, STUPID BOY. HE'S ONLY PRETENDING TO BE A PARACHUTIST.
AND A DAFT ONE AT THAT, IF I'VE ASK ME.
BUT THEN...
CAPTAIN MAINWARING, SIR. SOMEBODY'S COMING UP THE ROAD.
IT COULD BE WALKER. INTO THE DITCH, EVERYONE.
IT'S NAE WALKER. YON'S A LASSIE.
HUSH, FRAZER, WE DON'T WANT TO FRIGHTEN HER.
FURTHER DOWN THE ROAD...
BLIMEY, THAT AIN'T BAD. SHE'S ALL ALONE TOO.
I MUST GET RID OF THIS PARACHUTE.

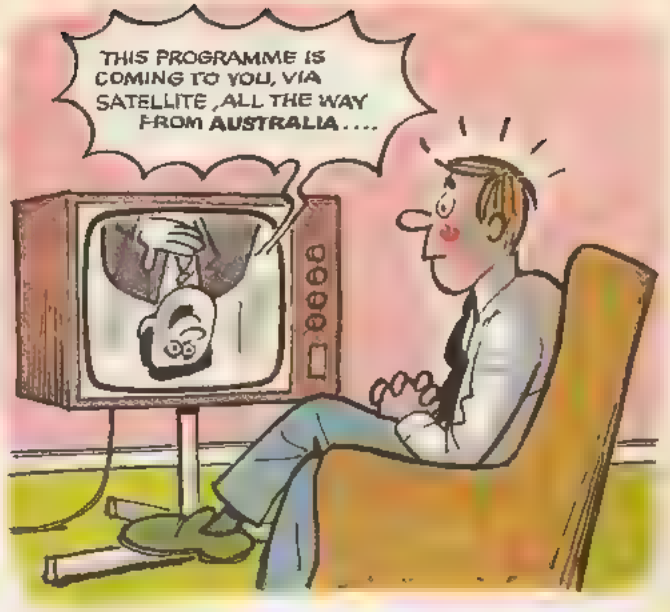
GOOD EVENING, MISS. YOU'RE LOADED UP, CAN I BE OF ANY ASSISTANCE?
LM...ER... WELL, YES. HOW KIND OF YOU. MR...MR...
JOE WALKER, MISS. HERE! WHERE'D YOU FIND THIS PARACHUTE?
I FOUND T ALONG THE ROAD.
YOU COULD GET NICKED IF YOU WERE CAUGHT WITH THIS.
OH, DEAR! HOW EMBARRASSING.
DON'T WORRY, MISS. I'LL GET RID OF IT FOR YOU.
THANK YOU. HOW KIND OF YOU.
NEXT MORNING, AT THE BANK...
REMIND ME TO SEE WALKER TONIGHT, WILSON. I WANT TO KNOW WHY HE DIDN'T APPEAR.
YES, SIR. BUT I CAME HERE TO TELL YOU WE HAVE A STAFF REPLACEMENT.
AND SO...
SO YOU'RE A FULLY TRAINED COUNTER CLERK, MISS SMITH?
THAT'S RIGHT, SIR.
WE'RE LUCKY TO FIND HER, AREN'T WE, SIR?
LATER...
KEEP AN EYE ON HER, WILSON. UNTIL WE'RE CERTAIN SHE'S ALL SHE CLAIMS TO BE.
CERTAINLY, SIR. IT WILL BE A PLEASURE. FUNNY, HER FACE SEEMS FAMILIAR.
MISS SMITH'S PRESENCE DOESN'T GO UNNOTICED BY OTHERS IN THE BANK, EITHER.
WHY, THANK YOU, MR. PIKE.
NATIONAL SAVINGS
YOU CAN CALL ME FRANK IF YOU LIKE. SILLY ME, I'VE FORGOTTEN YOUR BISCUIT.

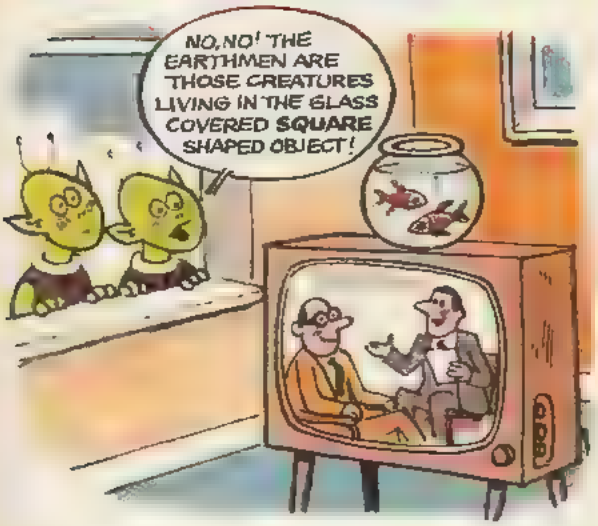

WE W.LL MEET YOJ THERE TON GHT ..
BUY WAR BONDS 2½%
WHEN PIKE RETURNS ..
CR.KEY! SHE MUST BE HUNGRY SHE'S EATING THE PAPER THAT BLOKE JUST GAVE HER.
I SUPPOSE I OUGHT TO TE.L UNCLE ARTHUR. BUT THEN HE M GHT TAKE HER OJT TO LUNCH AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO.
THAT NIGHT.
PRIVATE WALKER'S HERE, SIR.
HE'D BETTER HAVE A GOOD EXCJSE, W LSON. I'M IN NO MOOD FOR SHIRKERS!
CODE
BEFORE I SAY ANYTHING, SIR, I WAS WONDERING IF YOU D .IKE ONE OF THESE FOR MRS. MA NWAR NG ?
WHAT A PRETTY SILK SLIP, SIR. COJ.D I HAVE A .OOK, WA.KER?
I'M RJNN.NG A PLATOON, WALKER, NOT A MARKET FOR LADIES' JNDERGARMENTS!
GOODNESS, SIR. IT'S GOT THE EAGLE AND SWASTIKA PRINTED ON IT.
WHERE D.D YOJ GET TH S, WALKER?
.T'S PART OF A PARACHUTE . GOT FROM A GIRL THAT I MET LAST NIGHT
THAT'S WHERE I SAW M.SS SMITH, SIR. SHE WAS THE GIRL WHO PASSED US WHEN WE WERE LOOK.NG FOR WA.KER.
THEN WHEN PIKE ADDS WHAT HE'S SEEN AND HEARD...
YOU'RE SURE THAT S ALL, PIKE.
I SAW HER WAITING FOR THE DICHESTER BUS AS I WAS COMING HERE.
FETCH YOJR VAN, CORPORAL JONES.
PERMISS.ON TO MAKE A SUGGESTION, SIR.

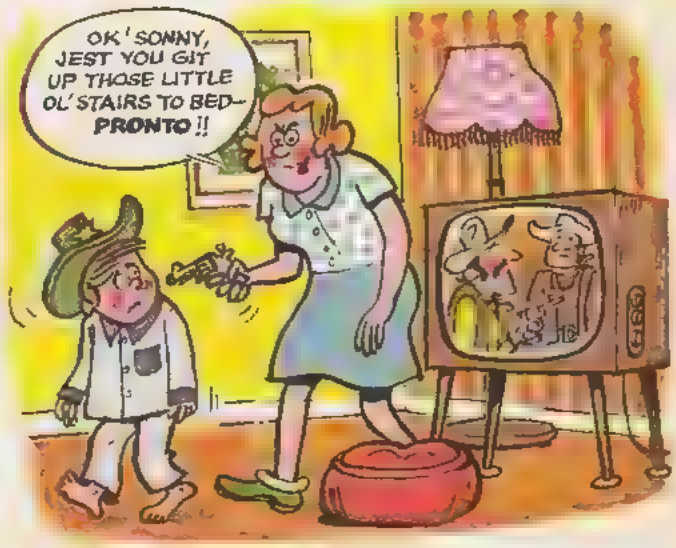

WARDENS POST 3
THAT AIR RAID WARDEN'S MOTORBIKE S OUTSIDE. IT WOULD SAVE A LOT OF T ME IF WE TOOK THAT.
GOOD THINK'NG, CORPORAL!
SECONDS LATER...
COME BACK! YOU WON'T GET AWAY WITH THIS!
I'M GLAD THERE WASN'T ROOM FOR ME.
S.OW DOWN YE .LNATIC, YOU'LL HAVE US ALL KILLED!
I DON'T LIKE TO MENTION IT NOW, BUT I'VE NEVER RIDDEN ONE OF THESE BEFORE.
MEANWHILE, IN A DESERTED BARN...
IT S YOU WHO ARE TRAPPED, FRA.LE.N.BER.,N SUSPECTED YOU OF BE NG A BRITISH COUNTER SPY.
HAFF YOU ANYTH.NG TO SAY BEFORE VE ELIMINATE YOU?
SLOW DOWN, YOU FOOL WE CANNAE TAKE THE BEND.
DON'T PANIC, I CAN'T FIND THE BRAKE...
HIMMEL!
CRASH
BANG
LOOK, SIR, IT S M SS SMITH.
GOOD GRACIOUS.
LATER...
THANKS TO YOU AND YOUR PLATOON, CAPTA.N MAINWAR.NG, A NAZI SPY R.NG HAS BEEN SMASHED AND ONE OF OUR TOP COUNTER AGENTS RESCUED.
WE AREN T WITHOJT BRA.NS, SIR.
YOU CERTA NLY AREN'T, CAPTAIN MA NWAR NG, YOU ARE NOWHERE AS STJPID AS THE NAZIS THINK YOU ARE.
DO WE ALL GET A TURN?
I SINCERELY HOPE SO.

TELECOMICS

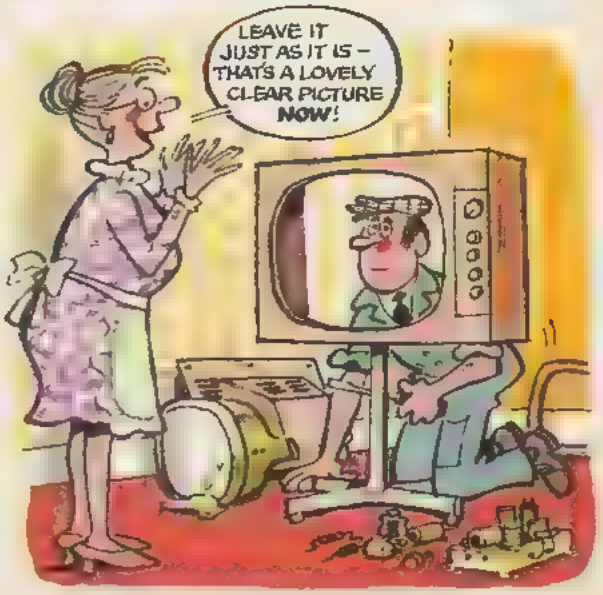

-- HAVE YOU BEEN DOING THIS SORT OF WORK VERY LONG?
TV REPAIRS LTD


THIS PROGRAMME IS COMING TO YOU, VIA SATELLITE, ALL THE WAY FROM AUSTRALIA....


NO, NO! THE EARTHMEN ARE THOSE CREATURES LIVING IN THE GLASS COVERED SQUARE SHAPED OBJECT!


OK! SONNY, JEST YOU GIT UP THOSE LITTLE OL' STAIRS TO BED— PRONTO!!

HELLO! IS THAT TELECOLOUR? IT'S ABOUT THAT COLOUR TELEVISION YOU SOLD ME FOR HALF PRICE...


LEAVE IT JUST AS IT IS — THAT'S A LOVELY CLEAR PICTURE NOW!

OPERATION BABYLON

COMMANDER ED STRAKER'S OFFICE, SHADO H.Q., LONDON...
THERE THEY ARE ALEC... THREE COUNTRIES THAT SHADO NEED TO SET UP BASES IN.
FOR THEIR SAKES AS WELL AS OURS, JUDGING BY THE AMOUNT OF ALIEN ACTIVITY SHOWN RECENTLY, WHEN DO WE MEET?
NEXT TUESDAY. WE TAKE THEM DIRECT TO MOONBASE. WE NEED A BIG IMPRESSION, ALEC.
LET'S HOPE THE NEW UNIFORMS WILL BE READY...
TWO DAYS LATER A SECURITY VAN LEAVES A WELL-KNOWN CLOTHING MANUFACTURER'S IN ESSEX... BOUND FOR LONDON.
MUST BE BLOOMIN' EXPENSIVE UNIFORMS IF THEY NEED A SECURITY VAN TO SHIFT 'EM, FRED.
HARLINGTON-STRAKER STUDIOS... THAT'S A FILM MOB.
BUT ONLY A FEW MILES FARTHER ON...
JUST OUR BLOOMIN' LUCK...
ROAD WORKS DIVERSION
AND THEN...
A PILE-UP! AND THE DRIVER'S STILL IN THERE! COME ON!
SUDDENLY...
WHA...
IT'S A HOLD-UP!
BEFORE EITHER MAN CAN MOVE...
UGH...
OOF!
MOMENTS LATER THE ALIENS HAVE THE VAN'S SECURITY VAULTS OPEN.
THESE ARE THE UNIFORMS.
WE MUST WORK QUICKLY...

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AN ALIEN DEVICE FIRES A TINY BLACK BEAD INTO THE COLLAR OF EACH TUNIC.
THE OPERATION IS COMPLETE WITHIN AN HOUR.
GET THE OTHER ONE... WE HAVE TO BLANK OUT THEIR MEMORIES.
THEIR MISSION COMPLETED, THE ALIENS LEAVE...
SHADO WILL SUSPECT NOTHING.
AN HOUR LATER – SHADO H.Q....
MUST BE THE NEW KIT... AND ABOUT TIME TOO!
WHAT D'YOU THINK, ED?
VERY SNAPPY, ALEC. THIS SHOULD HELP IMPRESS OUR VISITORS...
MEANWHILE...
EVERYTHING WENT ACCORDING TO PLAN...
EXCELLENT.. PREPARE TO LEAVE FOR THE MOON IN ONE HOUR.
THREE HEADS OF GOVERNMENT ARRIVE AT THE HARLINGTON-STRAKER BUILDING, SUPPOSEDLY TO TOUR THE STUDIOS...
WELCOME, SIR... IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN.
ONCE INSIDE, THE VIPS ARE ESCORTED TO SHADO H.Q.
I AM VERY IMPRESSED WITH YOUR SECURITY SCREEN, COMMANDER... VERY EFFECTIVE.
THANK YOU, SEÑOR, BUT OUR DEFENSIVE NETWORK NEEDS TO EXPAND.
SHADO NEEDS TO ESTABLISH A BASE IN EACH OF YOUR COUNTRIES. WE INTEND TO DO EVERYTHING TO IMPRESS UPON YOU THE IMPORTANCE OF SUCH A MOVE.
EARLY NEXT MORNING, A SHADO MOON MODULE LIFTS OFF...
WHY HAVE WE NOT HEARD MORE OF SHADO, COMMANDER?
SHADO'S STRENGTH LIES IN ITS SECRECY... AND THE ABILITY TO OPERATE INDEPENDENTLY.

FOUR HOURS LATER — TOUCHDOWN...
IN THE BLACKNESS OF SPACE, OTHER VISITORS APPROACH THE MOON...
IN THE LEADING UFO, AN ALIEN HAND ACTIVATES A SMALL DEVICE...
...INSTANTLY, A FINE NEEDLE FIRES FROM THE TINY BEADS HIDDEN IN THE SHADO UNIFORMS. THE WEARERS FEEL ONLY A MILD PRICK...
AND THE RESULT - COMPLETE BREAKDOWN IN SPEECH COMMUNICATION!
PLUB... SPEGLE YAK YAK... BLURS EEK.
YA HEE ACKLE IKTO MAKS...
WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH ALEC... HE'S TALKING COMPLETE NONSENSE.
COME OFF IT, ED... FOOLING ABOUT ISN'T GOING TO IMPRESS OUR GUESTS.
ON MOONBASE, SID AND EARTH H.Q., THE STORY IS THE SAME — COMPLETE AND UTTER CONFUSION!
YIK JIBBLE HY HY.
EEKLE BEE NIO POPR?
BES WASLE
LAKKER IOT TRAQ...
WITH SHADO COMMUNICATIONS AT A TOTAL STANDSTILL, THE ALIENS LAND...

WITHIN MINUTES — ENTRY!
AAAGH!
THE ALIENS TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL!
THIS IS CRAZY... IF WE CAN'T TALK SENSE WE DON'T STAND A CHANCE. BUT HOW THE DEVIL DID THEY ACHIEVE IT?
THEN...
I FOUND THESE EARTHMEN HIDING IN THE COMPUTER ROOM.
THEY MAY BE OF USE TO US... BRING THE TRANSLATOR PHONES.
STOP PUSHING ME, YOU... YOU...
EACH MAN IS FITTED WITH A SPECIAL PAIR OF EARPHONES WHICH ENABLES THEM TO RECEIVE SPEECH-WAVES FROM THE ALIEN LEADER...
YOU CAN'T TREAT US LIKE THIS! WE REPRESENT THREE OF EARTH'S LEADING EUROPEAN COUNTRIES. WE DEMAND TO BE RELEASED IMMEDIATELY!
WE KNOW WHO YOU ARE, GENTLEMEN... WE WANT AN ARRANGEMENT...
WHAT IS IT YOU WANT?
YOU CAN HELP US ESTABLISH OUR AUTHORITY ON EARTH. EITHER THAT — OR PERISH!
THAT'S BLACKMAIL! WE'LL HAVE NO PART OF IT!
OUR BUSINESS HERE WILL TAKE FOUR HOURS. YOU HAVE TILL THEN TO DECIDE YOUR FATE.
YOUR COOPERATION. AS YOU CAN SEE, SHADO IS NOW IN OUR POWER. SOON WE WILL INVADE YOUR PLANET...
AND INSIDE...
JUGIP HY GOL MI...
KOOKI HY GOL KIK.
AT THAT MOMENT, ON EARTH, MAJOR PAUL FOSTER IS RETURNING TO SHADO H.Q. FROM A WEEK'S LEAVE...
IT'S STRANGELY QUIET AROUND HERE.
WHAT IN THE NAME OF HEAVEN... WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?
YAKTA!
IT'S FOSTER... HE CAN TALK! HE CAN REALLY TALK!

PAUL ORDERS ONE OF THE OPERATORS TO WRITE HIS WORDS ON PAPER...
none of us can talk properly cant communicate with moonbase or S.I.D.
THAT MEANS SHADO MUST BE NON-OPERATIVE!
LEARNING OF ED STRAKER'S VISITORS, PAUL BREAKS ALL RECORDS IN GETTING TO THE SPACEPORT...
IT LOOKS LIKE IT'S ALL UP TO ME.
BUT AS PAUL APPROACHES THE MOON...
A UFO! AND HE MEANS TO STOP ME!
YOU'LL HAVE TO DO BETTER THAN THAT, GREEN-FACE!
THE ALIEN CRAFT GETS NO SECOND CHANCE...
THE SHADO COLONEL IGNORES THE MOONBASE PORT AND DECIDES TO CRASH LAND HIS FERRY...

MADE IT.
SOON ..
AN ALIEN SENTRY...
MUST LOCATE ED...
PAUL GAINS ENTRY IN SECRET...
MIGHT TAKE TIME, BUT I SHOULD FIND THEM THIS WAY.
STRAKER TRIES DESPERATELY TO MAKE HIMSELF UNDERSTOOD...
SLOW DOWN, COMMANDER. DON'T GET INTO A LATHER. THERE HAS TO BE AN ANSWER.
EVENTUALLY...
ARE YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT HAPPENED TO THE PRESIDENTS?
JJJ KULK HIMMI TO'
PAUL! AND HE'S TALKING COHERENTLY!
PAUL EXTRACTS THE TINY NEEDLE FROM ED STRAKER'S NECK..
THE NEW UNIFORMS. HEY! THERE'S A MARK ON YOUR NECK.
ELAR ZE BOMQ TE'
A TINY NEEDLE'

BEFORE LONG...
COME ON, BOYS, WE'VE GOT TO WORK FAST! WE'LL HAVE TO FORCE THIS DOOR!
MEANWHILE, THE ALIEN LEADER RETURNS TO THE THREE PRESIDENTS...
THE ANSWER IS STILL NO... WE'D SOONER DIE!
YOU WILL RETURN WITH US TO OUR PLANET WHERE YOU WILL BE USED IN RESEARCH!
SECONDS LATER.
WHERE TO ED?
THE CONTROL AREA.
MOMENTS LATER, THE ALIENS PREPARE TO LEAVE...
AIR LOCK
GET THEM TO THE CRAFT WHILST I TRIGGER THE DESTRUCT MECHANISM!
THEY'RE GETTING AWAY! HOW CAN WE STOP THEM?
ED! THEY'VE OVERLOADED THE REACTOR! THE CIRCUITS WILL BLOW ANY MINUTE!
DANGER
FIX IT, PAUL! WE'LL GO AFTER THE ALIENS!
FEVERISHLY THE SHADO MAN MAKES ADJUSTMENTS TO THE WILD REACTOR...
NOT MUCH TIME... MUST WORK FAST...
IT'S NO GOOD, ED... WE'RE NOT GOING TO GAIN ANY GROUND ON THEM!
WELL I'M NOT LETTING THEM WALK OFF WITH OUR GUESTS JUST LIKE THAT!

TRY AND WING IT, ALEC!
START PRAYING, ED.. WE CAN'T AFFORD TO M SS..
FIRE
MISSILE FIRING, NOW!
THEY'VE JETTISONED! LET'S HOPE THOSE POLITICIANS ARE O.K.!
THEN
.VE FIXED THE REACTOR... WE'VE STILL GOT A MOONBASE!
GOOD WORK, PAUL. LET'S HOPE WE VE STILL GOT THREE VERY IMPORTANT PERSONS!
NEXT DAY, BACK AT SHADO H Q ...
THE EVENTS OF THE PAST TWENTY-FOUR HOURS HAVE CONVINCED US, COMMANDER... WE'LL AGREE TO YOUR BUILDING SHADO BASES IN OUR COUNTRIES...
THANK YOU, GENTLEMEN
HAVE ALL THOSE NEW UNIFORMS BEEN ACCOUNTED FOR, ALEC?
EVERYONE, ED.
WE DON'T WANT A REPEAT PERFORMANCE! THE ALIENS ALL BUT PULLED IT OFF.

Mission Impossible

The people who make the impossible—possible

T[illegible] the way as the now-famous team storm their way through an [illegible] line-up of "impossible [illegible]. Success has something to do [illegible] like – Peter Graves

JIM PHELPS · PETER GRAVES

A[illegible] Force's big blond chief, chisel-chinned Peter Graves fills the role well. Big-man parts have been [illegible] adventures of a stage line [illegible]

Peter Aurness [illegible] name inherited [illegible] to international fame in the veneer [illegible] brothers both [illegible] local radio stations [illegible]

[illegible]'s rated as one of the best in Hollywood.

BARNEY COLLIER · GREG MORRIS

[illegible] Morris. His electronic wizardry has [illegible] this line.

Strangely enough, the [illegible] panies report few gripes [illegible] be an absolute master of whatever [illegible] device for a "mission."

[illegible]uss matters I couldn't talk about [illegible] with technical [illegible] interest in electronics and he does [illegible] subject.

Acting-wise, Greg Morris first [illegible] magnetic attraction for worthy [illegible] possible and satisfying.

[illegible]

T[illegible] three records for [illegible] saboteurs to include a woman in [illegible] the I.M. Force to penetrate [illegible] guises have pulled off some of the more impossible missions. After all, men of the I.M. team would hardly pass as women.

But looks aren't Dana's only [illegible] ever, was more geared to the [illegible] [illegible] at [illegible] led against and she had to wait till after her high school [illegible] included many [illegible] TV series [illegible]

[illegible]

W[illegible] I.M. Force need [illegible] ey call on Willy [illegible] interest in [illegible] drama at [illegible]

He made his professional debut [illegible] nasium.

Peter's [illegible] and his obvious [illegible] gym.

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DROOPY
DROOPY'S COMING! LOCK UP YOUR PROPERTY AND TAKE TO THE HILLS!
I'M A REPORTER FOR THE 'DEADWOOD TRIBUNE' AND IT SOUNDS LIKE A GREAT STORY.
OL' TIMER
WHO'S THIS DROOPY? IS HE SOME LOCAL BADMAN?
NO SIRREE! HE'S JUST THE MOST ACCIDENT PRONE DAWG IN THE WHOLE WILD WEST!
WELL NOW, LET ME SEE, IT ALL STARTED WHEN HE WAS BORN... IN A LITTLE TOWN CALLED 'TUMBLEWEED'...
"...EVEN AS A BABY THINGS BEGAN TO GO WRONG..."
WHOA!
"...HE NEVER LOOKED WHERE HE WAS GOING.."
YAAAGH!
AAAGH!
"...AT SCHOOL TEACHERS HAD TO KEEP A CAREFUL EYE ON HIM..."
...SO REMEMBER, A MIXTURE OF THESE TWO CHEMICALS IS HIGHLY INFLAMMABLE!
"...IT'S A PITY THEY DIDN'T TELL HIM WHAT THE WORD INFLAMMABLE MEANT..."
INFLAMMABLE MEANS, BURNS EASILY, YOU, MUTT!
GOOD OL' DROOPY!
". .BY THE TIME HE LEFT SCHOOL FOLKS WERE READY TO RUN HIM OUT OF TOWN, YOU SEE THERE HADN'T BIN NO RAIN FER SIX MONTHS AND THEY FIGURED DROOPY HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH IT..."
GET OUT OF TOWN, YOU JINX!
© 1973 MGM Inc.

"...TROUBLE WAS, THEY WAS RIGHT. AS SOON AS DROOPY LEFT IT RAINED FER SIX MONTHS; THEY CALL IT, 'LAKE TUMBLEWEED' NOW..."
"...YES, SIRREE THAT DAWG MEANS TROUBLE, MIND YOU HE NEVER MEANT ANY HARM.. "
WHY, THANK YOU!
"...IT'S JEST THAT THINGS KINDA GO WRONG FER HIM..."
AAAGH!
GULP GULP
BACK OF STORE
"...LAST TIME HE WAS HERE HE STARTED A FIRE AND TRIED TO PUT IT OUT WITH A BLANKET..."
"...CHIEF ARROWHAT, UP ON THE RESERVATION, THOUGHT IT WAS SMOKE SIGNALS AND ALMOST STARTED ANOTHER INJUN WAR..."
IT SAY, "CHIEF ARROWHAT SMELLS".
GRRR... WE GO ON WARPATH!
HERE HE IS, SON. WE'D BETTER BE GOING...
WHAT A STORY! I MUST INTERVIEW HIM!
DROOPY! I... AAGH!
BOY, YOU SURE ARE ACCIDENT PRONE...

Not just a hunch

The large frame of Frank Cannon stepped out into the burning heat of the Californian sun. He studied the gay crowd through narrowed eyes. It was another twenty-six minutes before the procession passed. Twenty-six minutes to find a would-be killer and stop a murder. But where did he start? It could be anyone of these thousands lining the route.

A pop-corn vendor approached and almost insisted his wares on the big detective. Cannon bought a packet and, munching reflectively, went back to his thoughts.

Was it hoax, or was it for real? The police told him to forget it. But how could he? Someone had singled him out either for a sick joke or, alternatively, as the last hope between a beautiful young girl and death.

In fact, Cannon had been planning a day's fishing, when his phone had rung that morning.

"That you, Cannon?" asked a muffled voice.

"Who is this?"

"It doesn't matter who I am. Just listen and listen good," said the caller. "I'm going to kill the San Elena Carnival Queen three hours from now."

"If this is some kind of a. . . ." Frank Cannon hadn't had time to finish the sentence, the line went dead.

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Now here he was in San Elena, the only man who could stop a nightmare coming true, or, as the police thought, the biggest joke on Carnival Day. But somehow a niggling hunch in Cannon's ample stomach wouldn't allow him to believe that.

A sudden crack behind sent him spinning round, only to find the wisping remains of a firework lying in the road. "Your nerves are bad, tubby!" yelled an anonymous voice in the crowd, creating much amusement. Cannon swept a steely gaze over the grinning faces in an effort to find his tormentor. With a slight shrug of his square shoulders he went back to his pop-corn. There were more important things to occupy him than sorting out a loud-mouth. He dipped once again into the pop-corn finding more than inspiration. Between his finger and thumb was something small, round and hard. It glinted dully and menacingly in the palm of his hand. A single .22 slug that told Cannon that his presence was no joke. He was after a dangerous psycho. The pattern was only too clear. This guy was a compulsive killer and gloated in it. It wasn't enough just to commit murder, he had to do it in front of a top private-eye.

There wasn't time to warn the police, or stop the Carnival. He had to find that pop-corn vendor. Already he could hear the distant band. What had the guy looked like? With their white linen suits and caps, they all looked the same.

"Look where you're going, buddy!" complained one man, as Cannon pushed himself through the crowd. But Cannon was deaf. His mind too intent on delving into his computer-like memory, for a mental image of the man who had taken his dime, only minutes before. There had to

be something which separated him from the rest of the white-clad vending army.

All around him was noise Striding figures in scarlet and blue blasted 'Dixie' above the excited cheering hubbub.

Large floats gaudily painted. Strutting drum majorettes with whirling batons. The main float carrying the new Carnival Queen was just a hundred yards away. Cannon grabbed one white uniformed man and spun him round. The man gave him a startled questioning glance, but Cannon was gone.

In a sudden flash it came back to him. The tell-tale clue he wanted. A large gold signet ring had glittered on the left hand of the man who had taken his dime. There, only feet in front of him, stood another pop-corn vendor, with his back turned to the crowd watching the procession. Cannon moved towards him, but felt an iron grip on his shoulder.

"What's your game, fella?" the cop asked. "You've been acting mighty funny. I think you'd better come along with me." He went to drag Cannon towards a parked patrol car, but the big private-eye sent him flying.

"Hey!" yelled the cop regaining his balance. Frank Cannon hadn't time to explain. The Queen's float was almost alongside and the pop-corn seller's hand had just dipped into the tray of confectionery. Cannon hit him like a charging rhino. The gun had hardly cleared the tray, when the assassin was bowled clean over.

Cannon didn't hear the screaming crowds, or see the look of horror on the Carnival Queen's face. A searing thump on the back of his head awarded him the blackness of oblivion.

At San Elena Police Headquarters later that day, an embarrassed Captain Murphy could only apologise.

"Forget it," said Cannon. "You got the right guy and that's what matters."

"We were wrong about that too," admitted Murphy. "What made you suspect it was a genuine threat?" Cannon shrugged.

"Part hunch, part experience, I suppose. I've seen his type before. They conform to a pattern. Got anything else on him?" asked Cannon.

"He's confessed to two others that we were working on," said Murphy.

"Anything I can do to make amends for that crack on the head?"

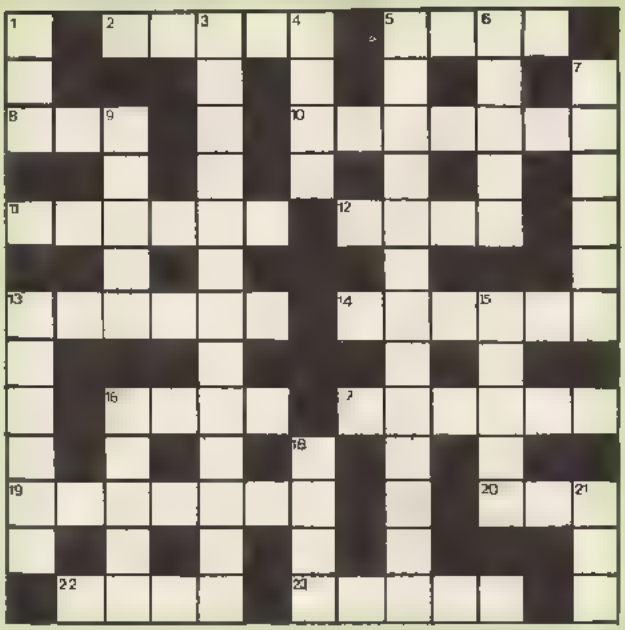
Reminded, Cannon rubbed the back of his head ruefully. "I had promised myself a day's fishing. Had a hankering for a plate of sea trout and almonds," he said with a grin.

"Okay," said Murphy. "I get the message. Grab your coat and we'll try the restaurant round the corner."

DOUBLE CROSSWORD

ACROSS

2. A planet between Mercury and Earth.
5. The central parts of wheels on cars.
8. Danny, abbreviated even further.
10. Contessa di_____.
11. Pete Duel plays_____ Smith.
12. See 16 Down.
13. To omit or erase.
14. Arch-enemy of the Doctor, the_____.
16. A rebound of sound.
17. Jim_____, leader of the I.M.F.
19. What cowboys usually call each other?
20. To slide over snow on wooden runners.
22. A legend or fable.
23. Smith and Jones are often pursued by one of these.

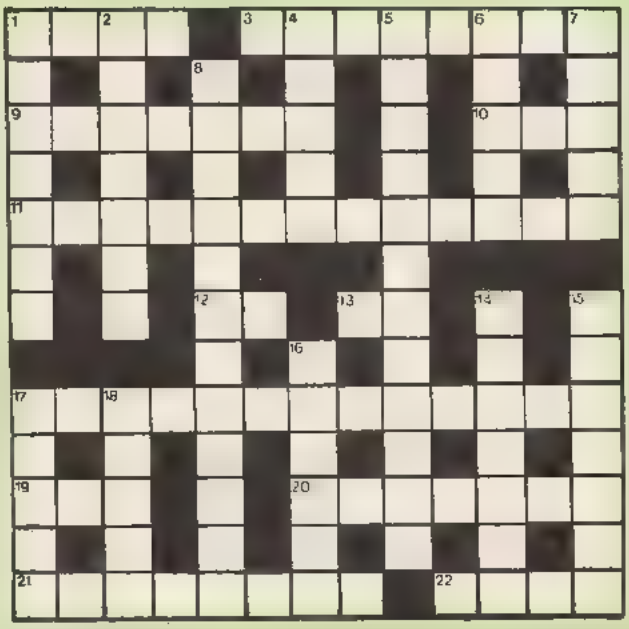


DOWN

1. SHADO's lunar satellite.
3. The title of a story in this annual?
4. A punch or footwear?
5. Pete Duel and Smith's other name, 8 and 5.
6. Surname of the Telly's inventor.
9. Pertaining to the nose.
13. A dopey dog.
15. The planet of the Cybermen.
16. and 12 across. A television satellite in orbit over the Atlantic. 5 and 4.
18. A short journey.
21. Independent Broadcasting Association, abbreviated.

ACROSS

1. A thick piece of string.
3. Napoleon Solo and Ilya Kuriyakin were both known as_____/_____.
9. Heathrow is one?
10. Initials before 'Service' on official mail?
11. Series starring Tony and Roger?
12. Opposite of from.
13. Anno Domini?
17. Cowboys were usually this_____/ ___.
19. An Hawaiian garland.
20. Pot black features this game.
21. Barney, in Mission Impossible, is a good one of these.
22. King's _____ is a town in Norfolk.



DOWN

1. A dome where atomic energy is produced.
2. Flawless?
4. Making these helps you to remember things.
5. Actor who plays Paris and Mr. Spock, 7 and 5.
6. Surname of the actor who plays Lord Brett Sinclair.
7. These are all nouns.
8. Actor who plays Harry Rule in The Protectors.
14. Ringo Starr's real surname.
15. People take cars for this before they buy them, 4 and 3.
16. The name of Dr. Who's car?
17. Danny's surname in The Persuaders?
18. Tarzan does this a lot.

TOP CROSSWORD

Answers: Across. 2: Venus; 5: Hubs; 8: Dan; 10: Contini; 11: Joshua; 12: Bird, 13: Delete; 14: Master; 16: Echo; 17: Phelps; 19: Partner; 20: Ski; 22: Myth; 23: Posse.

Down 1: Sid; 3: Not just a hunch; 4: Sock; 5: Hannibal Heyes; 6: Baird; 7: Singer; 9: Nasal; 13: Droopy; 15: Telos; 16: Early; 18: Trip; 21: IBA.

BOTTOM CROSSWORD

Answers: Across. 1: Rope; 3: U.N.C.L.E. Men; 9: Airport; 10: OHM; 11: The Persuaders; 12: To; 13: AD; 17: West Americans; 19: Lei; 20: Snooker; 21: Engineer; 22: Lynn.

Down. 1: Reactor; 2: Perfect; 4: Notes; 5: Leonard Nimoy; 6: Moore; 7: Names; 8: Robert Vaughn; 14: Starkey; 15: Test Run; 16: Bessie; 17: Wilde; 18: Swing.

Mission Impossible Story. . .

The BREAKOUT

The sea lay like a smooth blanket beneath the encrusted pillars of the small jetty. Only the occasional scurry of wavering ripples – caused by the movement of boats by the distant dockside – broke the even surface; except, that is, for the fine line of a fisherman's rod.

As the tall, middle-aged man in open neck and shirt sleeves reeled in, he consoled himself with the thought that just sometimes the world seemed peaceful enough.

For to Jim Phelps – head of the Mission Impossible team – this was no day off, but the beginning of another dangerous assignment. The ascending line broke surface. There was no hook and bait – but Jim had, nonetheless, made his vital catch.

Attached to a super-powerful magnet on the end of the line rose a small, air-tight container. In a moment, Jim had removed the small tape-recorder from inside.

He cast an urgent glance about him to ensure no eager fishermen had joined him at such an early hour. Then he pressed the suitable button and waited for the message with a sense of suppressed excitement. He was not to be disappointed.

"It won't be easy, Jim," the almost mechanical voice echoed out, as though M.I. missions normally were! "Professor Von Heinken's the target – and one which we can't afford to miss."

Jim nodded to himself. He couldn't agree more. Heinken was one of the East's top nuclear physicists. Already the man had attempted to defect to the West. But the plan had failed. No one had heard of the aging genius since . . .

"He's located at a maximum security prison in Central Europe, Jim. We've managed to get the exact position. We want him out – and safely. We can offer him asylum, and we already know he's prepared to work for us. Coupled with the knowledge he can pass on, Heinken could swing the entire balance of technological power in our favour."

Jim fingered the small machine thoughtfully. It was a vital task, all right. But there could be no doubt that such a man would be under constant surveillance by his captors.

"Heinken could be moved again any day," the recorded voice crackled again. "Time is of the utmost . . . this tape will self destruct in fifteen seconds . . . Good luck."

"I'll need it," Jim muttered to himself, as he watched the fragmentary remains of the tape-recorder sink beneath the silent waters. "*We'll all* need it!" he added, as his mind raced on to the other M.I. squad members and the plan which was already vaguely forming in his mind. For the tape had told him something else – something, if not the one point, in his favour. The prison's military chief was due to be changed. . . .

Perhaps *Jim* could find the replacement!

"There she is!" he almost whispered, as he surveyed the bleak, concrete building from the cover of a large stone ridge which broke the barrier of trees, before the land slipped into a deep valley.

It was two days – and several thousand miles later – and now, for the first time, the M.I. squad could clearly see what they were up against.

Beside Jim, Dana frowned.

"If that's what East bloc prisons are like no wonder our crime rate soars above theirs!"

Certainly, she had a point. As though carved from the valley floor itself, the grey building consisted of harsh, ugly concrete slabs which seemed icily forbidding. A high, electrified fence marked the perimeter to the block, while a pair of huge, steel gates – themselves conveying a high-voltage current, indicated the one way in. As Jim peered hard it occurred to him that the designers must have considered that few people ever left again. It was hardly a comfort!

Willy shrugged his broad shoulders and double-checked that Barney – the engineer of the team – and Paris were close behind. Then he turned to Dana, beside him, and his expression showed there was little humour in what he said:

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"Sure! That's the sort of free board that not even a criminal would be looking for!"

Suddenly, Jim indicated for silence and a uniformed figure stepped from one of the distant buildings. He was followed by a second man. Guards saluted and a dark saloon revved and swung into sight

"Intelligence said that Borstoc was leaving today. Seems we timed it just right!"

As head of the crime centre, Borstoc would be pleased to be relieved of the heavy responsibility of controlling security. He was not to know he wouldn't be enjoying his leave. . . .

Dust spiralled from beneath the speeding car as it climbed up out of the valley and beyond the keen gaze of the guards. Beside the driver, Borstoc sat erect, brushing the lapel of his jacket with a leather glove.

It was at that moment the sound came – a harsh 'crack'. It was followed by a sudden sinking motion which threw the car into a violent swerve. Borstoc could see the matted trunks of closely growing trees before him. Then the darkness of unconsciousness enveloped him. . . .

"Make it fast. Get this car out of sight," Jim's voice snapped. Willing hands followed his command. While Willy pulled clear the stunned driver, Paris nodded assuredly as he noticed that Borstoc was about the same height and build as himself. It was a simple matter to borrow the standard-type uniform; to add the marks of his own 'supposed' senior rank was even easier.

Dana, too, was adjusting her uniform and climbing into a similar-styled car which the M.I. squad had brought with them.

In a moment, everything was ready. The two prison soldiers lay suitably gagged, unconscious and heavily bound, well clear of the road. The car, too, was out of sight – its front tyre split by the gunshot.

Paris had once more proved the point he could slip into almost any role. Jim almost grinned as he watched his colleague pull on the peaked cap. From now on, *Paris* was the new prison commissioner – and he must both look and act the part.

Jim pulled out dark glasses from his top pocket and slipped into the back seat of the second car, beside Paris. Barney, also in borrowed uniform – that of the unconscious driver – joined Dana in the front.

"Let's go . . . everyone. We're about to take over one prison!"

"It's just not good enough!" Jim clipped his accent as he escorted the 'new' commissioner around the perimeter. He pointed to a tall platform upon which heavily-armed guards watched their progress below. . . .

"In my opinion security could be tighter. Your men do not seem totally alert . . ."

"I can assure you, Velenski, the last commissioner, Borstoc, had these men specially picked," Paris replied, playing out his role.

"Then they have been here too long. I suggest a security rehearsal would be in order."

Jim's mind wandered to the rocky ledge far above and to the distance, from where he had only recently watched the spot on which he now walked. Dana would be up there with the car again . . . waiting with Willy. He hoped they had something to *wait* for!

"It will be arranged, as you wish, Velenski. Tomorrow at noon the men will go through anti-escape routine. We will pretend all power sources have failed . . "

The clump of heavy boots resounded, halting with a sharp smack on the stone floor of the small, bare office. In a moment, the uniformed man had closed the door and stepped smartly across to the man seated behind a large, metal-topped desk.

"I've seen Heinken, Jim." Barney momentarily removed his peaked cap and wiped the perspiration from under the rim. "He's in a cell behind steel barred doors. They're electrically operated – like everything else in this hell-hole."

Jim rubbed his chin thoughtfully.

"Then I was right. The only way to get him out is to cut the power supply to the entire block. That'll be your task, Barney."

The dark-skinned I.M.F. squad engineer nodded.

"When you've done that slip into prisoner's uniform. You'll not be stopped by the others then . . ."

Barney frowned. "Y'mean, when you arrange the break-out?"

"Right!" Jim answered. "You'll have to bring Heinken from his cell. We'll be waiting – with luck!"

"That's what we all need!" Barney added. Then, in a moment, he had gone again. It was fortunate that no one had questioned his arrival It had been believed he was accompanying both the new commissioner and Security Inspector from headquarters.

The hours passed slowly and anxiously for the M.I. squad as each waited, ready to play their vital roles to the full when the 'rehearsal' took place.

Eventually, after an almost interminable period, the moment arrived. The harsh regular clanging of an alarm bell echoed through the block, and guards appeared from all directions. By the time it had stopped, the corridors bustled with men who raced to take their anti-escape positions outside, along the centre's perimeter.

Only Jim and Paris waited for the current supply to be *really* cut off, as they mingled among the rushing men. In a few seconds, the building would be virtually empty – and Barney would handle the remaining 'skeleton' guard squad, scattered about the prison block.

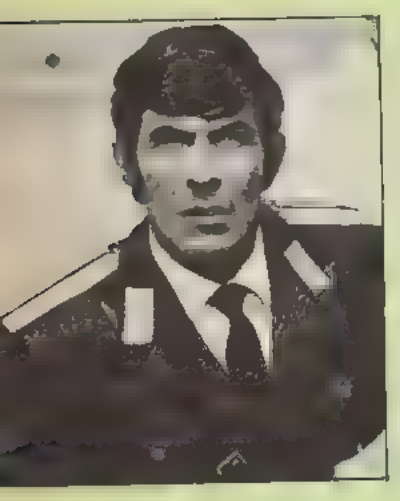
Then he had to cut the supply. It would be a close thing. . . .

Already, Barney had

slipped a tiny cylinder of oxygen between his lips and bitten the release grip. Now he fired the small container of toxic gas which would be carried through the ventilator system. In ten minutes anyone within the building would be paralysed!

Jim checked his wristwatch and demanded that Paris took him inside. He wanted to check the remaining guards, he explained. As the pair moved quickly, each cast a cursory glance at the row of armed guards who had moved more than swiftly to their posts.

Fortunately, the condemned men were in two main cell corridors and, with little more than an amazed out-



cry, they stormed from their tiny compartments like ants.

"Get going!" Jim yelled.

It was with just one minute to go that the sunken ceiling lights cut out. Barney had done the job well.

In fact, he was now pushing another of the small cylinders into the stunned professor's mouth.

"Press on the valve – quick. You'll be able to breathe . . ."

The aging man could hardly understand that anyone had *really* come to rescue him – now, of all times. It was probably another trick by his enemies. Something which would lead him only further into isolation.

But it was not so. Barney slung back the steel barred doors to Heinken's cell – the fatal current which normally could be conducted through them now safely dead.

Seconds later, the pair were outside. Barney leaned tightly up against a wall – the confused professor close behind him – as a harsh rattle of machine gun fire told him that the other prisoners were making their bid for freedom.

It was a clever idea of Jim's to set up their release as a 'decoy'. And an even brighter one to put Barney into prisoner's uniform, he considered as he watched a small band of freed men run past without glancing back at him. Had he been a 'guard' it would have been a different matter!

Suddenly, his gaze rested on a speeding saloon which had already passed through the perimeter gates. Inside the prison, the unwitting guards had collapsed as they had inhaled the temporarily paralyzing fumes. Outside, the chaos was increasing as small groups of prisoners attempted stands with captured weapons.

Dana gripped the wheel tightly and bit her lip as she nosed the large saloon towards Jim and Paris. They were signalling to her from a doorway, as yet a little clear of the firing guards.

Brakes screamed as she slammed hard on the pedal, and the two M.I. members were safely aboard. It was Jim who pointed across the concrete clearing to another pair of racing figures . . .

"That's Barney. He's got the prof! Hit that accelerator!"

Dana did just that. It took no more than a few seconds to reach the running men.

By now, the prisoners were fighting fiercely. Fortunately, they held most of the guards' attention. But two armed men had cut across towards the gates, before the racing car.

"Get down! They're opening fire!"

"Don't stop! It's too late now!" Jim barked.

Another burst of gunfire. This could be it.

In fact, it was – but for the

two gunmen by the entrance. Willy waved an arm as he still gripped the smoking repeater in his hand.

As the saloon screamed to maximum revs, Willy leapt for the door slung open. He rode the valance, one arm through the lowered door window, and looked behind.

Firing from his hip, he released two more showers of death as the team raced for freedom. . . .

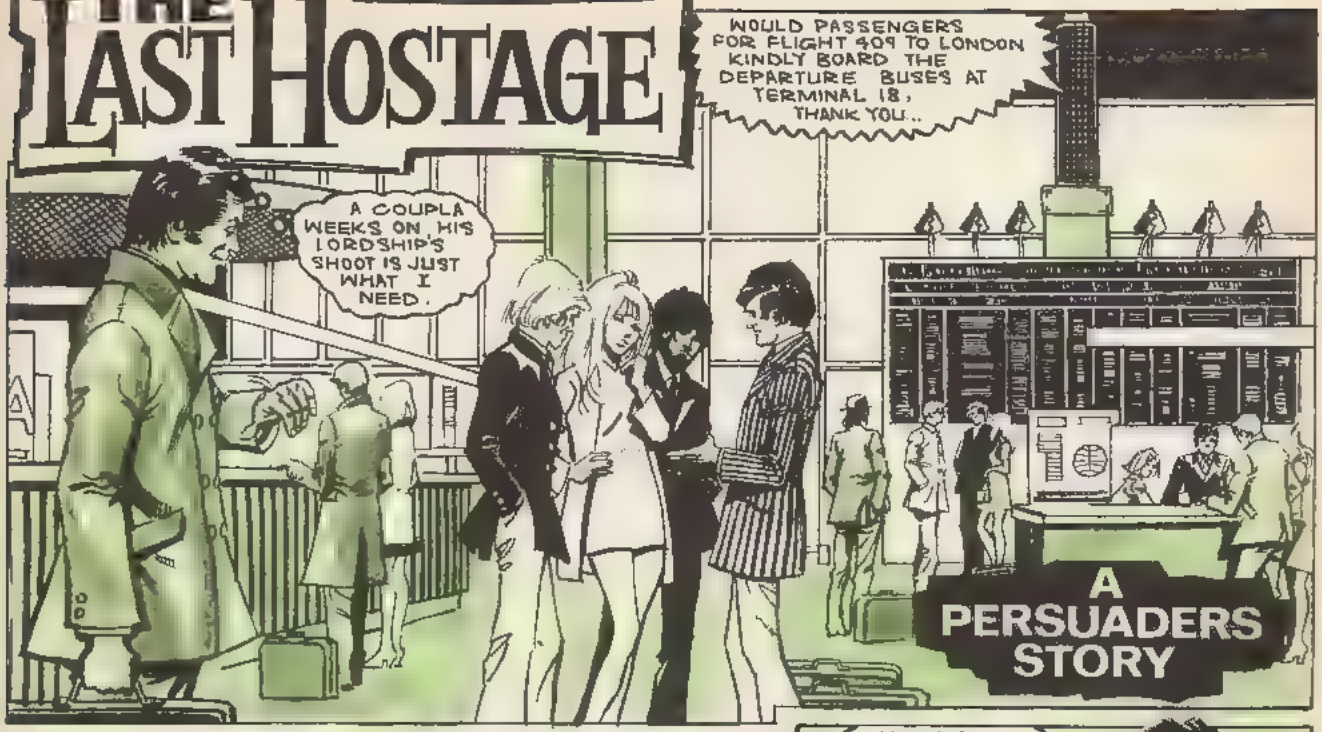
"I . . . I cannot thank you enough." The heavily bearded professor took Jim's hand and shook it warmly.

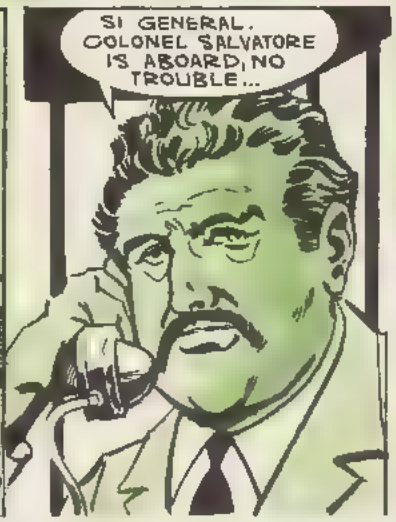
"It's we who must be grateful," Jim replied with a grin creasing his tired face.

"Time we got going," Willy addressed the others. He stood beside a huge container lorry which would carry the concealed crew clear of the border . . .

Jim followed the others towards the lorry. "This is the *easy* part," he said. "After all, it's the getting *in* that takes the doing!"

THE LAST HOSTAGE


WOULD PASSENGERS FOR FLIGHT 409 TO LONDON KINDLY BOARD THE DEPARTURE BUSES AT TERMINAL 18, THANK YOU..
A COUPLA WEEKS ON HIS LORDSHIP'S SHOOT IS JUST WHAT I NEED.
A PERSUADERS STORY



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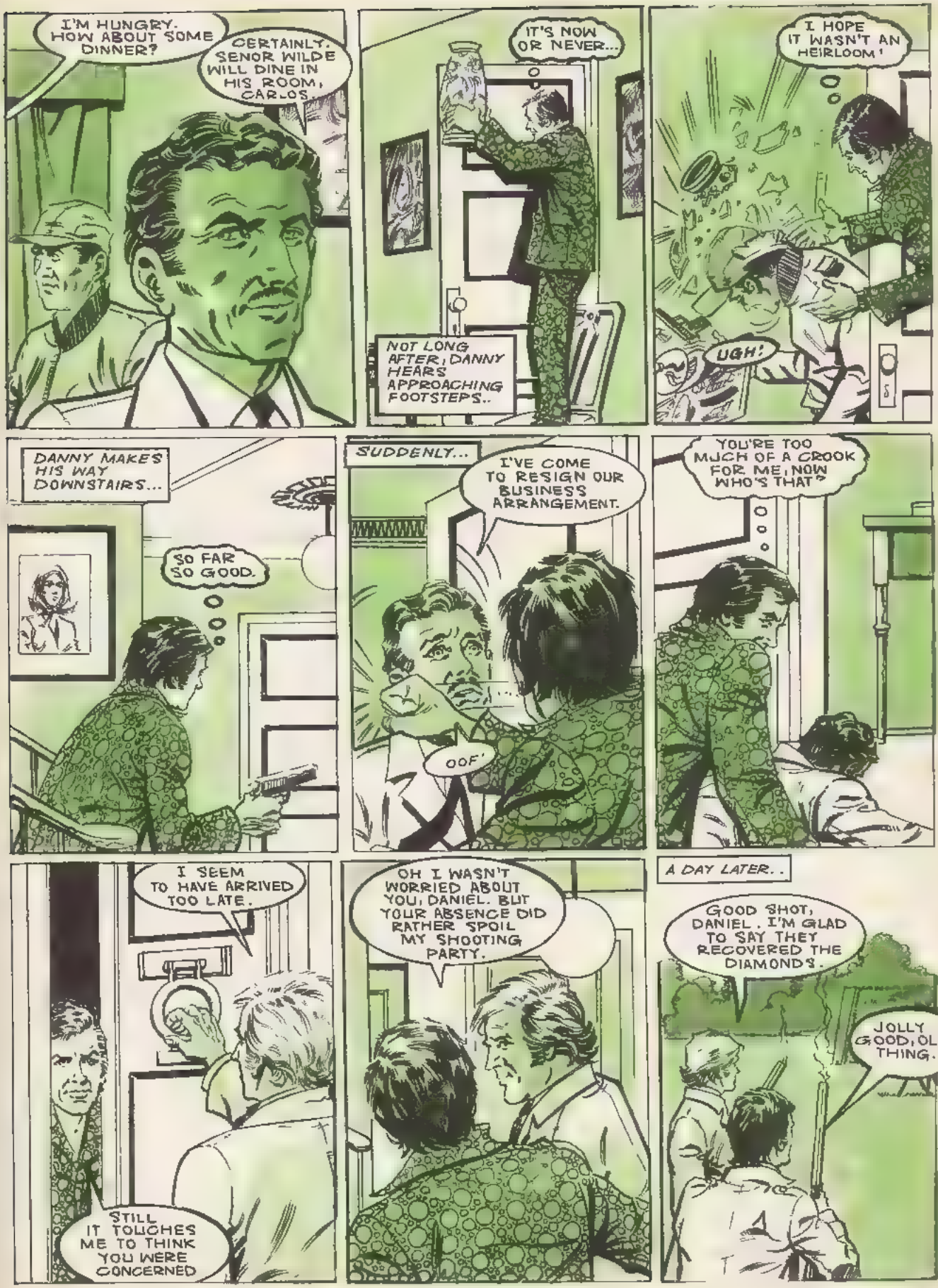
ONE OF OUR PASSENGERS HANDED ME THIS, SIR
Change course to Miami. There are two bombs on board, which I can detonate simultaneously by a transistor, so no tricks. Call Mr. Salvatore to the flight deck.
WOULD MR SALVATORE PLEASE JOIN THE CAPTAIN ON THE FLIGHT DECK.
THIS PLANE HAS BEEN HIJACKED. PROVIDED THE AMERICAN GOVERNMENT DONATE TWO MILLION DOLLARS IN UNCUT DIAMONDS YOU ARE ALL SAFE.
ALL I ASK OF YOU IS TO LET THE PASSENGERS OFF AT MIAMI..
THAT'S ALL I NEED!
I HAVE THE DETONATOR, CAPTAIN I WILL GIVE THE ORDERS!
MEANWHILE AT HIS LONDON CLUB.
AHEM! A TELEGRAM, MY LORD.
THANK YOU, HOPKINS!
ARRIVING FLIGHT 409 TODAY, HOW ABOUT PICKING ME UP?
BUT AT HEATHROW...
I'M SORRY, SIR. FLIGHT 409 HAS BEEN DIVERTED TO MIAMI. YOU CAN GET FURTHER INFORMATION FROM THE AIRPORT MANAGER'S OFFICE.
WHILE AT MIAMI AIRPORT...
DO WE HAND OVER THE DIAMONDS?
DON'T LIKE THE SOUND OF THIS!
HE ONLY GETS HALF UNTIL THE PASSENGERS ARE RELEASED.

DANNY DECIDES TO OFFER HIS HELP TO THE HI-JACKER
WHY WOULD YOU WANT TO VOLUNTEER, MR WILDE?
SO YOU KNOW MY NAME LET'S JUST SAY I'M STIFF AND I WANT A BREATH OF FRESH AIR
O K GET THE DIAMONDS AND BE BACK HERE IN TWENTY MINUTES.
DON'T GO AWAY!
SOON...
YOU MUST PERSUADE HIM TO LET THOSE PASSENGERS OFF, MR WILDE.
HE'S A VERY EXCITABLE MAN, IT'S EASIER SAID THAN DONE
POLICE
WHO IS HE ANY-WAY?
HE REPRESENTS THE REBEL ARMY OF SARAGUAY HEADED BY SOME GENERAL GONZALES THEY'VE CLAIMED RESPONSIBILITY ALREADY.
WHEN DANNY RETURNS..
WISE UP, SALVATORE. YOU COULD END UP WITH NOTHING. THIS IS GOOD MERCHANDISE
AMONGST OTHER THINGS I HAPPEN TO BE AN INTERNATIONAL DIAMOND DEALER, I'LL MARKET THESE FOR A CUT.
I CAN USE THIS FOOL
O.K., MR WILDE, YOU STAY; THE REST CAN LEAVE
SOME HOURS LATER IN A SECRET HIDEOUT, A REPORT IS MADE...
COLONEL SALVATORE HAS TAKEN THE PLANE TO SWITZERLAND INSTEAD OF OUR ARRANGED DESTINATION. I THINK HE HAS DOUBLECROSSED US, GENERAL.
THE TREACHEROUS DOG! HE WILL PAY FOR THIS!
AT GENEVA AIRPORT THE NEXT DAY...
WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, ER, PARTNER?
THE KIND SWISS AUTHORITIES HAVE PROVIDED US WITH A CAR WE HEAD SOUTH.
THEY'VE GUARANTEED ME A THIRTY MINUTE START, YOUR LIFE INSURANCE YOU MIGHT SAY, MR. WILDE
SOME POLICY!

DANNY DRIVES UNTIL SALVATORE ORDERS HIM TO TURN INTO A FIELD...
THAT GUN'S MAKING ME NERVOUS; CAN'T YOU PUT IT AWAY NOW?
I'M AFRAID I CANNOT TRUST YOU, JUST YET
SOMETHING TELLS ME YOU NEVER ARE.
FUNNY TIME TO ENJOY THE VEIW, AIN'T IT?
PATIENCE! MR. WILDE
SOON
A HELICOPTER!
WHEN DO I GET TO MEET THIS GENERAL OF YOURS"
THIS IS WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A PERSONAL ENTERPRISE.
WASTING NO TIME, TO, BRETT SINCLAIR HAS ALSO HEADED FOR GENEVA...
WE PLANTED A TRANSMITTER IN THE CAR BUT IT WAS FOUND ABANDONED. I BELIEVE A HELICOPTER TOOK THEM TO FRANCE. IT IS NOW SUSPECTED THAT THE AMERICAN IS PART OF THE GANG.
WHAT MAKES YOU BELIEVE THAT?
DO YOU NOT THINK IT A STRANGE COINCIDENCE THAT M'SIEUR WILDE SHOULD STAY WITH THIS HIJACKER?
BUT HE'S A RESPECTABLE BUSINESSMAN, INSPECTOR AND A MULTI-MILLIONAIRE!
SERGEANT? THE MAN WHO JUST LEFT MY OFFICE. I WANT HIM TAILED. HIS NAME IS LORD SINCLAIR...
BRETT HIRES A CAR AND DRIVES TO THE SPOT WHERE THE POLICE FOUND THE GETAWAY CAR...
THE INSPECTOR'S THEORY MAKES SENSE, THEY MUST HAVE FLOWN OVER THE FRONTIER TO FRANCE...
MORNING, AT A FRENCH VILLA...
I SHOULD'VE HAD A GO AT SALVATORE WHILE HE WAS ON HIS OWN.

DANNY'S THOUGHTS ARE DISTURBED...
AH, MR WILDE! I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL. WE HAVE MUCH TO DO!
WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA? I THOUGHT WE WERE PARTNERS? WHERE ARE MY CLOTHES?
BRETT IS DOING SOME CALCULATIONS AT HIS HOTEL...
IT'S A PRIMITIVE AREA THE RANGE OF A SMALL HELICOPTER WOULD TAKE ME TO .. LET ME SEE... ST. JULIAN! I'LL TRY THERE FIRST..
THEY'RE STILL FOLLOWING ME, SORRY, CHAPS, BUT I PREFER TO WORK ALONE.
HE'S ACCELERATING! STAY WITH HIM!
HOLD ON, SERGEANT
I HATE TO DO THIS TO THEM!
FASTER! YOU'RE LOSING HIM!
LOOK OUT! THE TREES!
I HAD HIM, BUT HE WAS TOO FAST FOR MY CAR
THE INSPECTOR WILL HAVE OUR EARS FOR THIS!
AN HOUR LATER BRETT IS OVER THE FRONTIER...
HELICOPTERS CAN'T BE TOO COMMON IN THESE PARTS...
ST. JULIAN
1 Kms

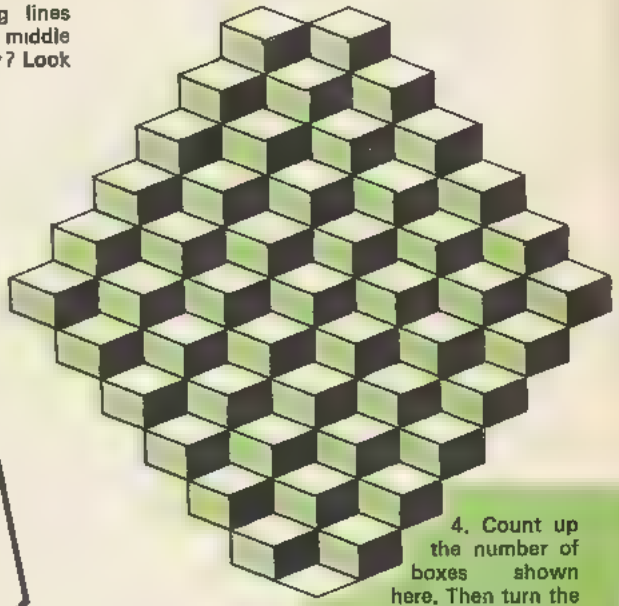
BRETT FINDS THE VILLAGERS UNCOOPERATIVE, UNTIL..
AT THE VILLA VANTIBE.
MERCI M'SIEU.
BUT BRETT'S ACTIVITIES HAVE ATTRACTED ATTENTION.
HE COULD BE POLICE
VINOS
OR AN AGENT. FOLLOW HIM!
IT LOOKS PROMISING.
BUT THEN..
WHO ARE YOU? WHAT DO YOU WANT?
I COLLECT HELICOPTER NUMBERS, IT'S A SORT OF HOBBY...
GET HIM! OOF!
YOU NEED TO COOL DOWN!
YOU'D BETTER TALK, FRIEND.
NOW TO RESCUE THE DANIEL IN DISTRESS..
MEANWHILE, AT THE VILLA.
THANKYOU, MR WILDE. YOUR HELP WAS INVALUABLE. I'LL CONTACT YOUR ASSOCIATES THIS AFTERNOON.
.MUST BUST OUT I WON'T BE SO VALUABLE WHEN HE FINDS OUT I'M A FRAUD...


I'M HUNGRY. HOW ABOUT SOME DINNER?
CERTAINLY. SENOR WILDE WILL DINE IN HIS ROOM, CARLOS.
IT'S NOW OR NEVER...
NOT LONG AFTER, DANNY HEARS APPROACHING FOOTSTEPS..
I HOPE IT WASN'T AN HEIRLOOM!
UGH!
DANNY MAKES HIS WAY DOWNSTAIRS...
SO FAR SO GOOD.
SUDDENLY...
I'VE COME TO RESIGN OUR BUSINESS ARRANGEMENT.
OOF!
YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A CROOK FOR ME, NOW WHO'S THAT?
I SEEM TO HAVE ARRIVED TOO LATE.
STILL IT TOUCHES ME TO THINK YOU WERE CONCERNED
OH I WASN'T WORRIED ABOUT YOU, DANIEL. BUT YOUR ABSENCE DID RATHER SPOIL MY SHOOTING PARTY.
A DAY LATER..
GOOD SHOT, DANIEL. I'M GLAD TO SAY THEY RECOVERED THE DIAMONDS.
JOLLY GOOD, OLD THING.

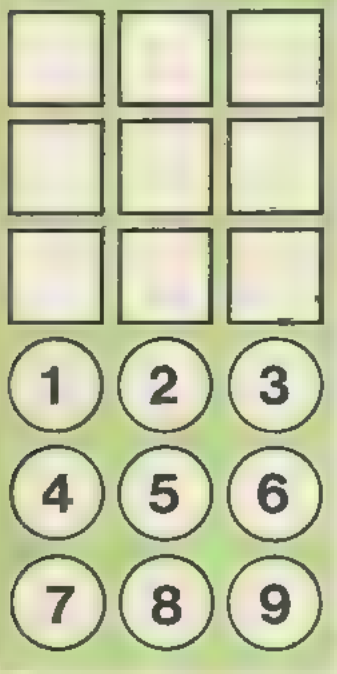
It's a PUZZLE!

ANSWERS ON PAGE 79

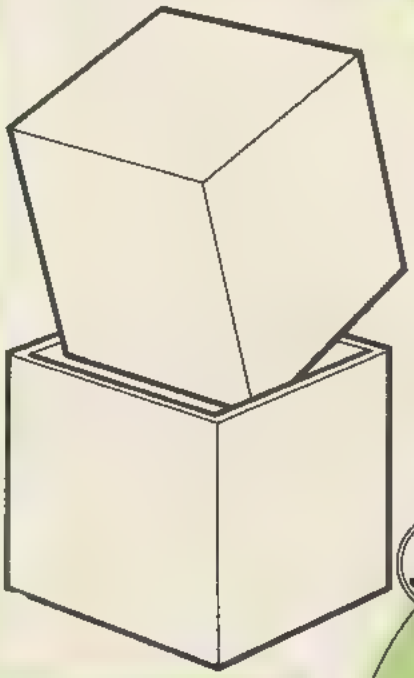
1. The long lines bend in the middle – or do they? Look again!



2. Place the numbers one to nine into the squares so that each line adds up to 15. Diagonally as well!

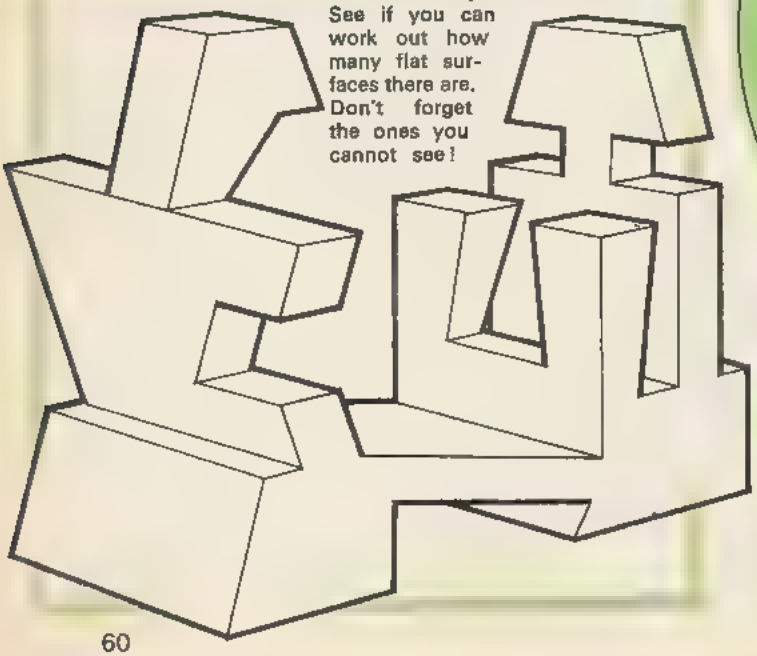


3. How many ways will a cube fit into a box? More than you think.

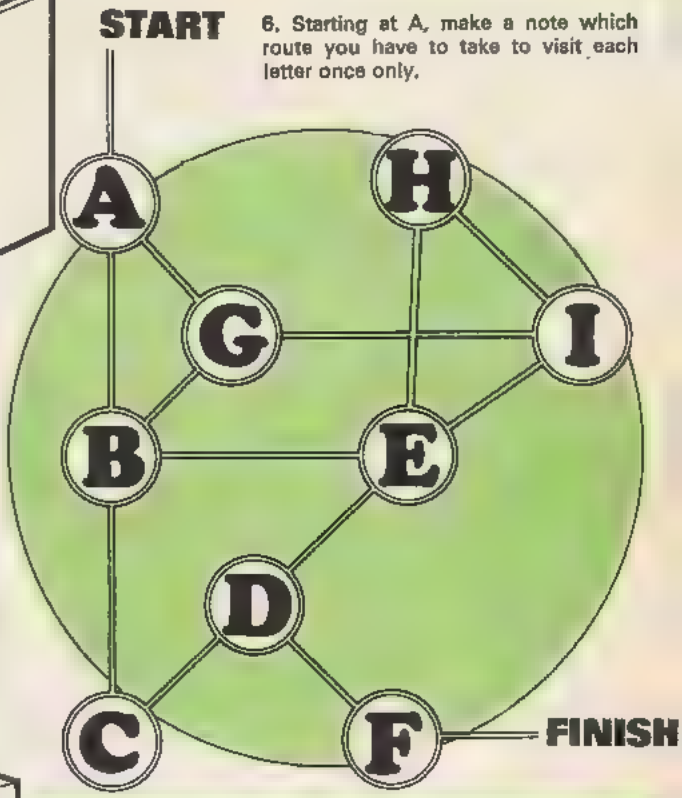


4. Count up the number of boxes shown here. Then turn the page upside down and count them again.

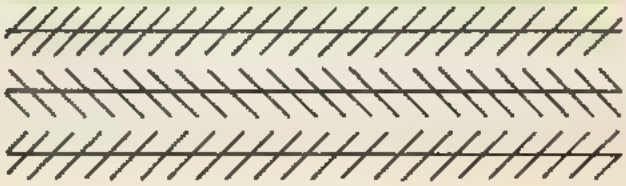
5. An odd shape! See if you can work out how many flat surfaces there are. Don't forget the ones you cannot see!

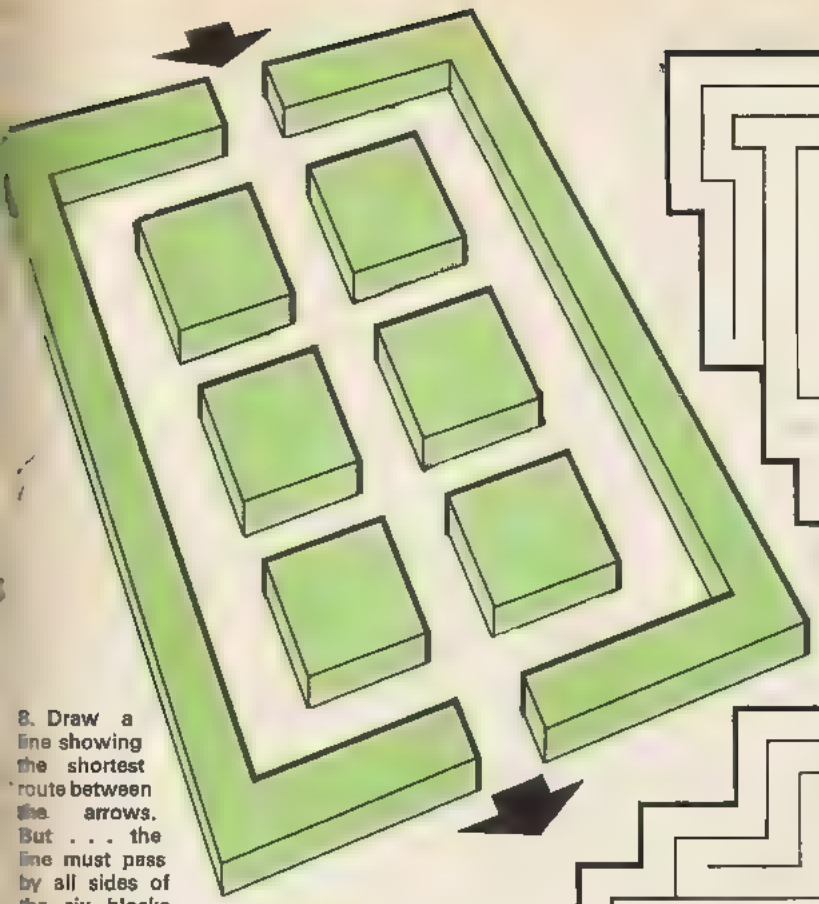


6. Starting at A, make a note which route you have to take to visit each letter once only.



7. Are these lines parallel? Better check if you are not sure!

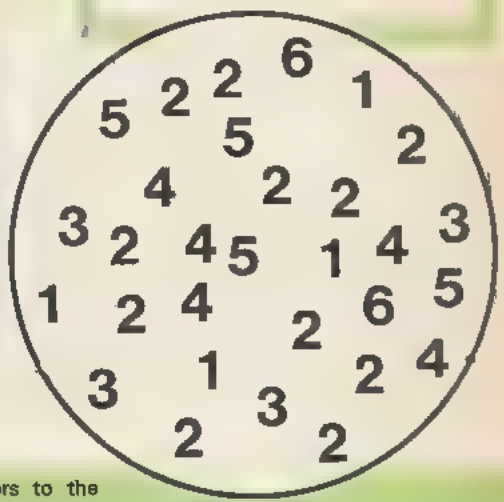




8. Draw a line showing the shortest route between the arrows. But . . . the line must pass by all sides of the six blocks.

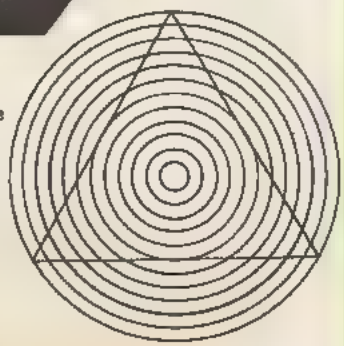
9. Can you find which way the Contessa has to go to reach Harry Rule? You mustn't cross a black line.

10. By drawing three straight lines, can you divide the circle into six segments, each one containing numbers adding up to 15?

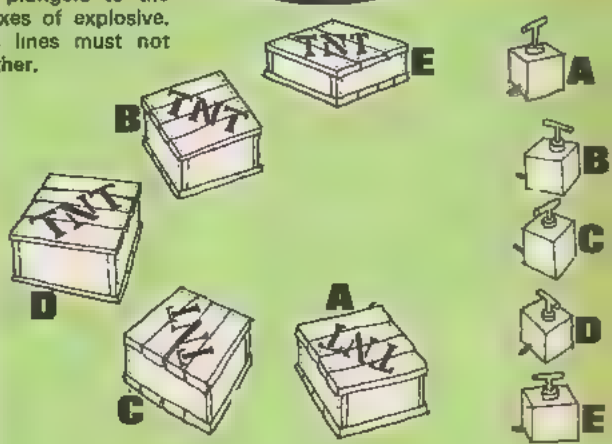


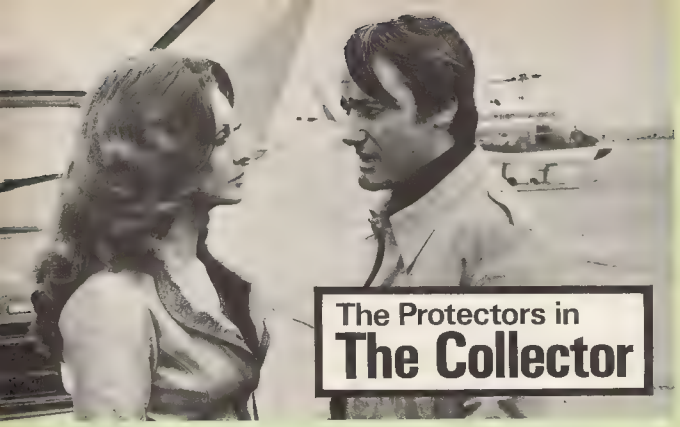
11. Trace these nine shapes onto a piece of paper, cut them out and arrange the pieces to form a square.

12. Are the sides of this triangle straight?



13. Connect the plungers to the corresponding boxes of explosive. The snag is, the lines must not cross over each other.





The Protectors in
The Collector

"Can't you go faster, Chino?" requested the Contessa di Contini. Instantly she felt the surge of power as the thoroughbred engine responded to the chauffeur's foot. The poplars standing like soldiers at the edge of the dusty country road whipped by the Contessa's window, even faster than before.

She raised her clear blue eyes to the sky, an anxious frown puckered her smooth forehead. Harry's request for punctuality must be for excellent reasons. The rendezvous would have been made in plenty of time if the Rolls-Royce hadn't had the misfortune to meet up with a students' demonstration on the outskirts of Rome, and more recently a closed level-crossing and a herd of sheep.

Then she saw it and breathed a heavy sigh of relief. The Rolls turned off the road and bumped its way along a narrow cart track which ended in a large field, just as the helicopter was landing. The Contessa hadn't had time to wait for Chino to run round and open her door, already she was sprinting the dividing yards. Under the idling blades that blew her well-groomed hair into a frenzy, she accepted the firm grip of Harry Rule's right hand and climbed into the cramped cockpit.

"Phew!" she gasped as the helicopter rose. "I only just made it. Now, Harry Rule, would you mind telling me where we're going?"

"We've traced an old friend," said the American with a tight-lipped smile.

"Please, Harry, no long-drawn-out mysteries. I'm not in the mood."

"In that case you had better look at these." Harry tossed her a large brown envelope.

"Albert the Collector!" breathed Caroline, examining a wad of photographs she had taken from the envelope. "Have we located him?"

"To put it more precisely, Paul has. He's set himself up in a veritable little fortress, but you can see for yourself soon, we're on our way there now."

"Is he still operating the same racket?"

"Paul thinks so, but the Italian police are convinced he's gone straight. We've picked up an underworld tip that he's the dealer behind the missing Rengazi Collection.

"There is his place now," said Harry pointing ahead of them, after they'd been in the air for about an hour. The helicopter passed over an imposing hilltop villa nestling in several acres of its own grounds. Harry banked the helicopter and they could now clearly see the fence that ran around the entire perimeter of the villa's boundary.

"That fence is electrified and carries a lethal wallop," said Harry. Just then something smacked against the side of the cockpit. "Probably a warning, but we had better not hang around till we get one in the fuel tank," he added taking the helicopter higher.

They landed at a small airfield several miles south of Albert Sanguet's villa. The American detective left Caroline, to phone Paul Buchet, returning minutes later with the news that one of Sanguet's men had withdrawn a large sum of money from the local bank that very morning.

"So it's to-day," said Caroline. "But how will we know his arrangements?"

"Paul's going to make a few adjustments to the telephone pole that carries Sanguet's line Come on, we'll join him."

Paul Buchet had, in fact, just descended from the pole as his friends arrived.

"Is it going to work?" asked Harry.

"Of course it's going to work," said the Frenchman, walking towards what looked like an official government van, bearing all the correct Italian Ministry markings. For several hours they monitored all the villa's incoming and outgoing calls. The exercise soon became exceedingly monotonous, so they split the task into half-hour sessions. They were beginning to give up hope of anything happening that day when Caroline picked up the call they had been waiting for.

"Berwick here," said the caller's voice, with a strong London accent. "Has my consignment been cleared?"

"It has," replied Sanguet. "I'll make the settlement tomorrow. I shall be with you at six."

"Blimey!" exclaimed Berwick. "You're an early bird."

"The arrangement doesn't suit you?" queried Sanguet.

"You bring the money and any time will suit me," said Berwick and the line was cut off.

"So it's Charlie Berwick. The point is, has he still got the pictures, or has Sanguet already taken them?" said Harry thoughtfully

"I'd say Sanguet was already in possession," said Paul.

"Berwick did ask if the consignment was cleared," reminded Caroline. "It's going to be quite a job reclaiming the pictures and keeping tabs on Sanguet."

"I think I might just have a germ of an idea on how that could be done," said Harry Rule rubbing his chin.

It was nearly dawn, when the two figures of a man and a woman pushed their way through the tangle of the thick undergrowth, to join a third figure outside the gates of Sanguet's villa.

"When the outcoming car triggers the gates' automatic opening gear, you'll have a bare minute to work in," said Paul. "Unfortunately, the mechanism doesn't operate automatically from the out side. Only Sanguet has the key which de-activates the power source from this side."

"Leave it to me, I can handle it," said Caroline calmly.

Twenty minutes passed before Sanguet's sleek, grey Mercedes approached the gates. Hardly slowing, it swished through and rocketed away. Immediately, Caroline rose from her hiding place and raced towards the already closing gates. With the gap less than a yard between she threw herself through.

Meanwhile, on their way to the coast, Albert Sanguet and his two heavies drove in total silence. Sanguet's boys knew better than to gossip when the boss was on business. Even so, the driver was forced to break the rule.

"We've had someone on our tail for the last two kilometres," he told Sanguet. Sanguet turned and looked stonily through the rear window.

"Think it's trouble, Boss?" asked his other hireling.

"Maybe," replied Sanguet economically. "Let's find out."

The sudden acceleration of the Mercedes came as no surprise to Harry Rule, he pressed his foot hard to the floor. The narrow road was bending now and the car up ahead had disappeared. He threw the wheel over to navigate an opposite bend, which was soon upon him, just catching a glimpse of his quarry's rear bumper. Five other Z-bends followed, before the road straightened out again to show no sign of the Mercedes

Harry's eyes flicked to his driving mirror. A familiar shape filled it and was closing fast. Now it was alongside and forcing him off the road.

Bundled unceremoniously into the back, Harry Rule found himself sandwiched between Sanguet and his mean-faced lieutenant.

"Who are you—fuzz?"

"A man can go for an early morning spin, if he wants to, surely?" said Harry with a little grin. Sanguet's bully-boy poked his gun spitefully into the American's ribs

"We don't like fairy stories," he said with a sneer.

"Okay," said Harry, still wincing. "Berwick wasn't certain he could trust you. He wanted me to find out where you were hanging out. Lifting the Rengazi pictures took time and trouble, he just decided on a little insurance, that's all."

Sanguet threw back his body and roared with laughter.

"I'm looking forward to seeing Berwick's face when I walk in with you," he spluttered. "He's not going to be very pleased with you, mon ami, is he?"

When the small device on his dashboard began to bleep, Paul Buchet knew that Harry's ploy had worked. Inside the right heel of his shoe the tiny homing device was sending out nice strong signals. All he had to do was keep Sanguet's car in reasonable range to find Sanguet's destination.

It was nearly an hour later when he stopped at the top of a cliff and looked down

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into a small rocky inlet, where outside a dilapidated building stood the silver Mercedes, glinting gold in the low slung sun. Beyond this lay a rickety-looking jetty, to which was moored a small white launch.

Albert Sanguet ushered Harry Rule into the gloomy interior of what appeared to be an ancient fisherman's cottage.

"What the devil!" said Berwick standing up.

"A friend of yours, Charlie," said Sanguet greeting the short, thick-set man before him.

"What are you on about?" queried Charlie Berwick defensively. "I never set eyes on this geezer before!"

Sanguet chuckled.

"Oh, come now, Charlie, own up to your little joke, I'm not offended. Put in the same position I would probably have done the same."

"I still don't know what you're on about," snapped Berwick. "Suppose you cough up my dough and cut out the comedy routine."

Sanguet, still chuckling, threw over a white envelope.

"You don't need to count it, I wouldn't cheat a friend. Now, if you want to catch that boat we've got to move."

Berwick, still checking his bills, moved towards the door. Even Harry Rule wasn't ready for the next turn of events, when Sanguet's slug caught Berwick neatly between the shoulder blades. But it didn't take the American's quicksilver mind long to guess it was his turn next. Spinning round with all his might, Harry hit Sanguet with a pulverising chop just below the right ear. Attracted by the thump of his employer's body hitting the floor, the bodyguard came crashing through the door. Harry met him with a knee in the groin and a bone-crunching left hook.

Harry waited a few moments for the remaining thug to follow suit, but he never arrived. Outside, he inched his way towards the edge of the cottage's stone wall to where he could see Paul's car at the top of the cliff. Sanguet's other heavy seemed to have vanished. Standing in full view of Paul he waved him down just as a bullet smacked down on the cobbles in front of him and whined away.

Paul was about to take off when he heard the crack of the rifle and saw Harry go scurrying for cover. Peering over the edge of the cliff, Paul could see the sniper crouching about sixty feet below him. Obviously, Sanguet was a cautious man. The Frenchman looked around him desperately. If the gunman wasn't dislodged, there was little hope of getting Harry clear. His eye rested on a largish boulder perched a few feet to his left. Putting his full weight against it, Paul felt it suddenly move, but he couldn't hold the weight and it returned to its resting place. Paul changed his position and put his back to the rock and thrust out his legs. Straining with all his might he found the boulder was free before he could check his own momentum, and it was only inches that saved him from following it over. Down and down it bounced, smashing a destructive path through looser rock, until a whole avalanche of stone enveloped the gunman who could only stand transfixed as it swallowed him up.

"No sign of the pictures then?" said Paul, as Harry jumped in beside him.

"As we thought, they must be at Sanguet's villa," replied Harry. He looked back towards the cottage and saw Sanguet stagger out holding his head. "I couldn't have hit him hard enough. Step on the gas, Paul."

Caroline entered the villa via what turned out to be the kitchen window. If the Rengazi pictures were still in the villa, it was unlikely that Sanguet had left them unguarded.

Carefully opening the door to the hall, she could hear pop music coming from a distant room. Caroline crept nearer and peeped through the half-open door. A big man in a dark suit was idling through a magazine on top of a large crate. It didn't take much imagination to guess the crate contained the Rengazi canvases. The guard didn't hear her enter the room

"Hallo," she said, giving him her sweetest smile.

"Who are you?" he asked brusquely.

"I'm Albert's girl," re-

sponded Caroline matter-of-factly, sliding toward a chair and resting her hands on the slender rails of its back.

"Eh?" said the man incredulously, but nothing more as the chair disintegrated over his head.

Sanguet drove like a man possessed. Whoever these interferers were, they were going to be sorry they had crossed with Albert Sanguet. No one was going to break up his racket without knowing it. The villa was now less than half a kilometre away and no-one could get through the electrified fence.

Moments later the gates came into view and there was their buggy, but where were the occupants? Bewildered, Sanguet failed to check the speed of his careering Mercedes. Suddenly, aware of the danger he hit the brake pedal—but too late. The car smashed into the gates to a dazzling blue flash and burst into flames. Harry shook his head as the fierce heat drove him back.

"It's no good, Paul. The current would have killed him instantly anyway."

"He certainly had what was coming to him," said Caroline.

"No wonder his reputation for getting people clear was so good," observed Paul Buchet. "Immediately Sanguet received the stolen goods, the villain would be given a permanent hide-out . . . out at sea with weights around his legs."

"That's about the strength of it," said Harry. "A real sweet operation, with Sanguet taking all."

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On the Hawaii Five-O trail

This is a dice game for 2 to 6 players. The first player to land on the square 134 is the winner. All you need is a counter for each player and a dice. Start at 1. If you land on a green square, you go forward. If you land on a red square, you go back.

49 50 48 51 PICK UP SCENT. GO TO 56 52 46 53 45 FAIL TO FIND CLUE. GO BACK TO START 44 43 GIVEN TIP. GO ON TO 45 41 40 VITAL CLUE. GO TO 24 38 NEW LEAD. GO TO 43 37 36

60 61 NEW EVIDENCE. GO ON TO 69 63 MATCH FINGER-PRINTS. GO TO 65 65 66 NEW TIP. GO TO 74 59 58 57 56

15 14 16 13 17 TIP OFF FROM INFORMER. GO TO 22 18 11 VITAL CLUE. GO TO 84 10 20 9 21 8 22 7 24 23 WITNESS HELPS FIVE-O. GO TO 17 5 1 2 LUCKY BREAK. GO TO 36 4

31 30 29 MISS CLUE. GO BACK TO START 27 32 26 33 25 34

68 69 70 71 OVERLOOK CLUE. GO BACK TO 56 73 74 75 OUT ON THE TRAIL. GO TO 77 78 79 80

FAIL TO FIND CLUE. GO BACK TO 56 91 92 93 88 94 87 MAKE FIND. GO TO 114 86 96 97 85 84 BRING OUT HPD HELICOPTER. GO TO 91 82 81 98 STATEMENT. GO TO 100

134 133 LOSE SUSPECT IN CAR CHASE. GO BACK TO 114 LUCKY SHOT. GO TO 133 WITNESS ESCAPES. GO BACK TO 91 102 129 FAIL TO FIND CLUE. GO BACK TO 91 111 110 109 108 107 103 128 CAR CHASE. GO TO 109 DANNY HURT. GO BACK TO 114 105 104 126 115 114 116 117 118 119 SUSPECT SPOTTED. GO TO 128 121 122 FIND HIDEOUT. GO TO 134 124 125

THE HUNGRY PLANET
A Doctor Who Story
A TINY SPECK IN THE IMMENSITY OF SPACE— THE "TARDIS"...
HMMM! LET'S SEE... ACCORDING TO THE SPACE ATLAS I'M SOMEWHERE IN THE COAL-SACK NEBULA... ABOUT THREE LIGHT-YEARS OUT FROM CALLIOPE...!
SOMEWHERE ABOUT THE THIRTIETH CENTURY! JUST AS WELL TO BE EXACT... MAYBE I'D BETTER CHECK THE SCANNER...
GREAT VENUSIAN VEGETABLES! A...A NEW PLANET— NOT MARKED ON THE CHARTS— AND RIGHT IN MY PATH!
IT HAS ABSOLUTELY NO RIGHT TO BE THERE! I MUST ALTER COURSE AT ONCE...
THEN...
WHAT IN THE NAME OF...?
JIM BAIKIE
TARDIS ISN'T ANSWERING THE CONTROLS! SOME OUTSIDE FORCE IS AT WORK...!

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V BEING DRAGGED DOWN...
AND WHAT IN SPACE IS THAT? IT LOOKS LIKE THE GHOSTLY TENTACLE OF SOME GREAT OCTOPUS!
TARDIS, HELPLESS IN THE GRIP OF STRANGE FORCES, ENTERS THE MYSTERY PLANET'S ATMOSPHERE...
ATMOSPHERE'S VERY NEAR EARTH-NORMAL ... BUT THAT'S ABOUT THE ONLY THING THAT IS!
WHATEVER IT IS THAT'S DRAGGING ME DOWN — I'M NOT ANXIOUS TO MEET IT... YET! I FEAR I MUST LEAVE YOU FOR A WHILE, OLD GIRL!
SO.
WITH THE AID OF MY 'PARA-CLOAK'— I CAN EXPECT A SOFT LANDING... BUT WHAT THEN, I WONDER?
OUCH! MADE IT!
AT THAT MOMENT— NOT FAR AWAY..

FOR THE DOCTOR THE MYSTERY INCREASES...
JUST...NOTHING! AS BARE AS A PRAIRIE... NO PLANT-LIFE, EXCEPT THIS 'GRASS' — NO ANIMALS — AND NO MEN...
SUDDENLY...
HEEE...YYYY!
I SPOKE TOO SOON. UNLESS MY EYES ARE PLAYING TRICKS.
DID THEY GET YOUR SHIP?
I...ER...GATHER YOU'RE NOT A NATIVE OF THIS PLANET?
HARRY TRANT... FIRST MATE OF SPACE-FREIGHTER "GANELON"... OUT OF ALDEBARAN...
I'M KNOWN AS THE DOCTOR.
DID YOU SEE MY SHIP COME DOWN?
SURE. I'LL SHOW YOU WHERE IT WENT... THIS WAY...
DOWN THERE! THE "GANELON" WENT THE SAME WAY. I JUMPED FROM THE AIRLOCK AT THE LAST MOMENT!
DID YOU NOTICE... A KIND OF SMOKE?
YES! THERE WAS A KIND OF... MIST! STREAMERS OF IT... ALL AROUND THE SHIP!
DO YOU NOTICE ANYTHING ODDLY FAMILIAR ABOUT THE SHAPE OF THAT 'HOLE'?

WELL... I SUPPOSE IT'S A BIT LIKE A MOUTH!
EXACTLY!
...KNEEL DOWN— AND PUT YOUR EAR TO THE GROUND!
THIS GUY'S OFF HIS ROCKER. MAY AS WELL DO AS HE SAYS!
BA-BOOM BA-BOOM BA-BOOM
THUNDERING JETS! THIS PLANET IS INHABITED! I CAN HEAR... DRUMS!
NO, NOT DRUMS, HARRY! I THINK THIS 'PLANET' IS ALIVE! WHAT YOU CAN HEAR— IS ITS HEART-BEAT!
ALIVE? A...A KIND OF INTER-STELLAR BEAST?
IN CONSTANT SEARCH OF FOOD!
COULD IT BE POSSIBLE?
TENTACLES... LIKE THOSE OF AN OCTOPUS... BUT CHARGED WITH ENERGY— STRONG ENOUGH TO DRAG DOWN A SPACE-SHIP TO THE 'STAR-BEAST'S' MOUTH!
...IF WE REMAIN NEAR THE 'MOUTH' FOR TOO LONG...
DOCTOR! LOOK OUT!
A TENTACLE!
IT HAS SENSED THAT WE'RE HERE! RUN FOR IT!
WE HAVEN'T A CHANCE! IF THE TENTACLES ARE LONG ENOUGH TO REACH INTO SPACE...!
IF ONLY SOMETHING WOULD D.STRACT IT!

...I'M... NEARLY FIN SHED.
KEEP MOVING! THAT H ... UP AHEAD... MAYBE WE CAN DODGE AROUND IT!
BUT THEN – A NEW PERIL!
AHHHH! WHAT...?
GET BACK! WHATEVER IT IS – IT'S ALIVE!
IT... IT'S LIKE A GIANT AMOEBA!
I'M STUCK... DOCTOR! GET ME OUT!
NO GOOD, DOCTOR! SAVE YOURSELF!
.. BUT THEN A STRANGE ALLY COMES TO THE RESCUE!
THE TENTACLE. IT... IT'S SEIZING THE 'AMOEBA'!
AS THE POWER STRUGGLE IS ALMOST WON..
WHAT... WHAT WAS THAT TH NG?
SOME K.ND OF PARASITE, I IMAGINE.

THE 'AMOEBA' EXISTS ON THE STAR-BEAST'S SKIN LIKE... LIKE A FLEA ON A DOG! IT EATS ANYTHING THAT FALLS ON TO THE SKIN— AND THEN THE STAR-BEAST IN TURN EATS IT!
WHICH COULD BE VERY USEFUL TO US— IF WE CAN FIND ANOTHER 'AMOEBA'! I'LL TAKE ONE OF YOUR WEAPONS... YOU HAVE TWO, I SEE!
SURE! BUT... BUT HOW WILL SHOOTING AN 'AMOEBA' HELP US?
MY DEAR FELLOW — WE'RE NOT GOING TO SHOOT IT! WE'RE GOING TO LET IT DEVOUR US!
HAVE YOU GONE INSANE?
WHEN YOU WERE INSIDE THAT THING — YOU APPEARED TO HAVE NO DIFFICULTY IN BREATHING... RIGHT?
...I SUPPOSE SO! BUT...
A CREATURE LIKE THAT WOULD TRAP ENOUGH OXYGEN TO KEEP US ALIVE INSIDE IT... FOR LONG ENOUGH! AHA! COME ON!
...LONG ENOUGH FOR WHAT?
LONG ENOUGH... TO TAKE US *INSIDE* THE STAR-BEAST! AFTER YOU...!
INSIDE! INTO ITS... STOMACH?
EXACTLY! I'M AFRAID YOUR "GANELON" WILL BE... ER... *DIGESTED* BY NOW— BUT MY TARDIS IS INDESTRUCTIBLE!
IT ALL SOUNDS CRAZY! BUT... YOU'RE THE BOSS! WHAT OTHER CHANCE IS THERE, ANYWAY?
NOW I KNOW WHAT A SHRIMP IN ASPIC FEELS LIKE! THIS THING CERTAINLY WAS HUNGRY!
SO IS THE STAR-BEAST! HERE COMES A TENTACLE!
MOMENTS LATER.
WE'RE ON OUR WAY TO THE STAR-BEAST'S MOUTH!

THE AMOEBA'S' DIGESTIVE JUICES ARE GETTING TO WORK ON US...
...BUT WITH ANY LUCK THE'STAR-BEAST'S'DIGESTIVE SYSTEM WILL BREAK THIS THING DOWN AND FREE US — BEFORE WE'RE.. ER... DAMAGED!
WE'RE ON OUR WAY DOWN ITS THROAT—RIGHT NOW!
AND THIS...IS THE STOMACH!
THE AMOEBA'S' BREAKING UP
SO SHALL WE.. IF THE STOMACH-JUICES TOUCH US, IN A 'BEAST' THIS SIZE, THEY MUST BE STRONGER THAN THE MOST POWERFUL ACID! BUT—LOOK!
MY TARDIS' GET READY TO JUMP... AND FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE—DON'T SLIP... OR YOU'RE DEAD!
NOW!
NEXT SECOND..
CATCH HOLD, MAN GRAB MY HAND!
HOME AND DRY! EXCEPT FOR ONE THING!
YOU...YOU MEAN—THIS MACHINE OF YOURS CAN BLAST OFF FROM HERE! BUT... THERE MUST BE THOUSANDS OF FEET OF SOLID MATTER—THE BEAST'S BODY—BETWEEN US AND THE SURFACE...

NOW THAT THE ENERGY POSSESSED BY THE TENTACLES ISN'T AT WORK, I'M HOPING MY TIME-CONTROLS WILL FUNCTION AGAIN! BUT THERE'S ANOTHER JOB WE MUST DO FIRST!
SHE'S UNDER CONTROL! GET TO THE DOOR, TRANT— AND HAVE YOUR WEAPON READY!
SUCH AS...?
YOU'RE MAKING FOR THE STAR-BEAST'S, HEART!
BADOOM BAROOM
MOMENTS PASS... AND THEN...!
BA BOOM
ROOM
AND THIS... MUST BE...IT! GO ON, MAN!
I...I...YES, DOCTOR!
BAROOM
BAROOM
GO ON! THE TARGET'S BIG ENOUGH!
AHHH! THE...NOISE...
IT'S A 'PLANET'S' DEATH SCREAM! GET...THAT... DOOR... CLOSED!
AND, AS TARDIS MOVES INTO TIME-DRIVE...
TO KILL IS NOT A PLEASANT DUTY— TO KILL A CREATURE THAT SIZE HAD TO BE DONE!
I GUESS SO. IT SURE WAS DANGEROUS.
I'D BETTER GET YOU BACK TO YOUR HOME PLANET— AND IF I HAPPEN TO SIGHT ANY PLANETS THAT SHOULDN'T BE THERE... REMIND ME TO KEEP WELL CLEAR!

Zero receives Rover 1's distress signal and sends a Puma to the rescue. Within minutes the Puma is over the area and the stranded vehicle is lifted to firmer ground.

Puma to the Rescue

An RAF reconnaissance group were travelling over the rugged, wind-swept Salisbury Plain. The surrounding ground had been churned up, a combination of armoured tanks and many days of rain. Suddenly, the front wheels sank up to the axle in thick squelchy mud. It wasn't long before a message was sent to base.

"Hello Zero, this is Rover One. We're at grid reference GL16 and vehicle is bogged down. Airlift required. Over."

"Hello Rover One, this is Zero, we shall send a Puma. Aircraft will be with you in approximately 25 minutes. Over and out."

Before long the Puma was over the area. Straps were fitted to the stranded vehicle and with the minimum of effort the Puma plucked the 1½ ton Land Rover from the mire and placed it down yards away on firmer ground.

Puma, the new Anglo-French tactical transport helicopter, is the latest addition to the Royal Air Force's No. 38 Group, Air Support Command. With a crew of two, the Puma can accommodate 16 fully armed soldiers or carry a freight of up to 3,500 lbs. It has a rotor diameter of 49 ft. 2 in., an overall length of 59 ft. 6 in. and stands 17 ft. high, at rest. With its lifting capability and max. speed of 174 mph it is a very valuable strategic asset.

6	7	2
1	5	9
8	3	4

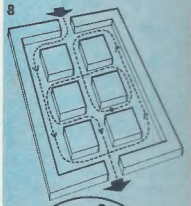
3 There are 24 ways of fitting a cube into a box.

4 47 boxes if you count them one way, but 36 if you turn the page upside down.

5 There are 47 flat surfaces.

6 AGIHEBCDF.

8



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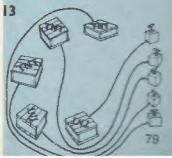

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